

THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY A. POPE.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME IV.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

By T. Bensley, Bolt Court;

AND SOLD BY J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL, AND
R. LLOYD, HARLEY STREET.

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THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the ~~swait~~ of Scylla and Charybdis; the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the sun; the vengeance that followed: how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.





Painted by H. Fuseli R.A.

Engraved by Wm. Bromley.

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BOOK XII.

Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from the waves th' Ææan hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus' rising in th' ethereal way, 5
Through heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy •
day.

At once we fix our halsers on the land,
At once descend, and press the desert sand;
There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep. 10

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the ax the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
Around we stand a melancholy train, 15
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
 Fast by the roarings of the main we place; 20
 The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
 And high above it rose the tap'ring oar.

Meantime the goddess our return survey'd
 From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
 Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine 25
 Bear the rich viands and the gen'rous wine.
 In act to speak the pow'r of magic stands,
 And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands:
 * O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
 Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates! 30
 All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
 More wretched you, twice number'd with the dead!
 This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
 Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls;
 And when the morn unveils her saffron ray, 35
 Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way:
 Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
 Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
 Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
 Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
 Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.

Then curious, she commands me to relate
 The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state;
 She sat in silence while the tale I tell, 45
 The wond'rous visions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the gods dispose;
 These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.
 O prince, attend; some fav'ring pow'r be kind,
 And print th' important story on thy mind! 50

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the
 seas;

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
 Unbless'd the man, whom music wins to stay
 Nigh the curs'd shore, and listen to the lay;
 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
 His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
 In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
 Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
 The ground polluted floats with human gore,
 And human carnage taints the dreadful shore. 60
 Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear
 Be stopp'd against the song: 'tis death to hear!
 Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
 Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
 If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 65
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
 To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
 New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide, 69
 And guard thy various passage through the tide.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
 The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;
 Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
 Hence nam'd Erratic by the gods above.
 No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75
 That bears ambrosia to th' ethereal king,
 Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
 The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies.
 Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,
 Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way;
 O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke ex-
 pires,

And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
 Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
 The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
 E'en she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride 85
 Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
 In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
 Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
 Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90

When all the broad expansion bright with day
 Glows with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
 The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
 The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
 Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95
 Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with
 twenty hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise
 The slipp'ry sides, and shoot into the skies.
 Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
 A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: 100
 Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
 Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
 Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
 And the dire passage down to hell descends.
 O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails, 105
 Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales:
 Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
 Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and gods!
 Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
 The whelps of lions in the midnight hour. 110
 Twelve feet, deform'd and foul, the fiend dis-
 preads;
 Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;

Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
 Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide; 115
 Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
 When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
 The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food:
 She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way; 120
 The swiftest racer of the azure plain
 Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
 • Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
 At once six mouths expands, at once six men de-
 vours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height 125
 Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous
 strait;

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
 And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
 Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
 Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside, 131
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
 Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves
 When seas retreating roar within her caves,

Ye perish all! though he who rules the main 135
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.

Ah shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,

'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r, declare, 140
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind, 145
And never, never be to heav'n resign'd?

How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?

Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!

Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!

E'en with a look she withers all the bold! 150

She mocks the weak attempts of human might:

O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.

If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,

Again the fury vindicates her prey,

Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.

From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air 156

This dreadful pest! To her direct thy pray'r,

To curb the monster in her dire abodes,

And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.

Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
 Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
 Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks, enrich the sacred plains,
 Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains;
 The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,
 By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165

Two sister goddesses possess the plain,
 The constant guardians of the woolly train;
 Lampetic fair, and Phaethusa young,
 From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
 Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170
 And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
 Rob not the god! and so propitious gales
 Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
 But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
 The gods, the gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
 'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
 Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
 Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.
 Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180
 Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
 Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
 To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.

Up sprung a brisker breeze; with fresh'ning gales
 The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling sails:
 We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides; 186
 The vessel light along the level glides.
 When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
 Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes, 190
 Attend while I what heav'n foredooms disclose:
 Hear all! fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
 To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,
 Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay; 195
 Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
 The gods allow to hear the dang'rous sound.
 Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies, 200
 And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
 Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
 And waves below, at once forgot to move!
 Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
 sleep. 205

Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply;
 Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.

The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
 And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
 Th' ærial region now grew warm with day, 210
 The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
 Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
 And from e of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
 Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
 And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
 Then bending to the stroke, the active train
 Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
 Our swift approach the Siren quire describes;
 Celestial music warbles from their tongue, 220
 And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
 O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
 Bless'd is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
 Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise! 226
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
 We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
 Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
 Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
 O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise! 231

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
 My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;
 I give the sign, and struggle to be free:
 Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea; 235
 New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
 Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay;
 Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,
 The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold; 240
 Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
 Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood:
 All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
 No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
 Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man
 With look serene I turn'd, and thus began:
 O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
 Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, 250
 Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.
 Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
 Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
 Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255

If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
 Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.
 And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
 Pilot, attentive listen and obey! 259
 Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves
 Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves:
 Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
 We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
 Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
 Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress; 266
 That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
 All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
 High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand, 270
 Two glitt'ring jav'lins lighten in my hand;
 Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
 Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
 Around the dungeon, studious to behold
 The hideous pest, my lab'ring eyes I roll'd; 275
 In vain! the dismal dungeon, dark as night,
 Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now thro' the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
 We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms, 280
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
 When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
 The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
 They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
 Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285
 Eternal mists obscure th' ærial plain,
 And high above the rock she spouts the main;
 When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
 She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:
 The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound; 290
 Deep, wond'rous deep below, appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we
 view'd

The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
 When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
 Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
 Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise; 296
 I turn, and view them quiv'ring in the skies;
 They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms implore:
 In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.
 As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300
 The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,
 With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
 And sudden lifts it quiv'ring to the skies:

So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
 So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky; 305
 In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
 And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
 Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
 Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
 My shiv'ring blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow: 310
 Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
 To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
 And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view. 315
 There sacred to the radiant god of day,
 Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
 Then suddenly was heard along the main
 To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train:
 Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
 The words of Circe and the Theban shade; 321
 Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
 With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun:

O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
 Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye
 hear! 325

To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
 And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd!

Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:
Fly these dire regions, and revere the gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran 330
Thro' ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;
And cruel, enviest thou a short repose? 336
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore?
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main. 340

• Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
Tho' gods descend from heav'n's aërial plain 345
To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.

• A sudden joy in ev'ry bosom rose; 351
So will'd some demon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief: O swift to be undone,
 Constrain'd I act what wisdom bid me shun.
 But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear; 355
 Attest the heav'ns, and call the gods to hear:
 Content, an innocent repast display,
 By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
 With hands uplifted they attest the skies; 360
 Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
 They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
 They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
 Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
 Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares. 365

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
 And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:
 When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
 And clouds and double darkness veil the skies; 370
 The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host,
 Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;
 The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
 Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
 All night it rag'd; when morning rose, to land 375
 We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,

Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the
main;

Thus careful I address'd the list'ning train: 380

O friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.

Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!

That god who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd
height. 386

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train,
Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain: 390
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.
Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a silvan shade; 396
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
• And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,

To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again. 400
 Then e'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,
 While thus Eurylochus, arising, said:

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay 405
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
 Why cease ye then t' implore the pow'rs above,
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove?
 Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
 Arise unanimous; arise and slay! 410
 And if the gods ordain a safe return,
 To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
 But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
 Better to rush at once to shades below, 415
 Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
 When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
 They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
 The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine. 420
 Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
 And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supplied.

With pray'r they now address th' ethereal train,
 Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain;
 The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art, 425
 Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.
 Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
 And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
 The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest, 429
 They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
 Back to the bark I speed along the main.
 When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
 Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood, 435
 And thus, obtestating heav'n, I mourn'd aloud:

O sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
 Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!
 Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
 Oh fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes! 440
 A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!

Meantime Lampetie mounts th' aërial way,
 And kindles into rage the god of day:

Vengeance, ye pow'rs (he cries), and thou whose
 hand 445
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!

Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
Or dēep in ocean plunge the burning ray.

Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forego, 450
And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.

To whom the thund'ring pow'r: O source of day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals
rise,

The joy of earth, and glory of the skies ; 455
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.

Meantime from man to man my tongue ex-
claims, 460

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the
ground 464

Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy:

The sev'nth arose, and now the sire of gods
 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing
 floods: 470

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
 Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
 Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
 When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with
 storms. 476

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
 The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.
 The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
 Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
 The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends, 481
 Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:
 The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
 Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
 Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll, 485
 And fork'y lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
 Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames;
 Full on the bark it fell: now high, now low,
 Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;

At once into the main the crew it shook: 491

Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.

Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,

Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;

And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies. 495

Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main

Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in

twain;

Again impetuous drove the furious blast,

Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.

Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, 500

And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,

Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

Now sunk the west, and now a southern breeze,

More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;

For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves, 505

And dire Charybdis rolls her thund'ring waves.

All night I drove; and, at the dawn of day,

Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:

Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,

And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides, 510

Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,

The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around;

So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,

And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.

High in the air the tree its boughs display'd, 515
 And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade;
 All unsustain'd between the wave and sky, \\\n
 Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
 What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
 To take repast, and stills the wordy war, 520
 Charybdis, rumbling from her inmost caves,
 The mast refunded on her reflux waves.
 Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
 Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;
 Once more undaunted on the ruin rode, 525
 And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
 Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
 So Jove decreed (dread sire of men and gods);
 Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
 Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
 Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain, 531
 When the tenth sun descended to the main.
 There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bow'rs
 Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.

My following fates to thee, O king, are known,
 And the bright partner of thy royal throne. 536
 Enough: in misery can words avail?
 And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XII.

V. 1. *Thus o'er the rolling surge*] The words in the original are *πῶλαμος πορὶ ὠκεανῷ*, which Strabo judges to mean no more than a part of the ocean, for if it be otherwise understood it will be a tautology; and who would write that 'he went out of the ocean into the ocean,' as it must be rendered, if *πῶλαμος* be the same with *θάλασσα* in the next line? But it is perhaps better to understand the passage literally, and plainly, only to denote the place from whence Ulysses returned from his infernal voyage: that is, from the extremity of the ocean. It is usual for the waves of the sea to bear violently and rapidly upon some shores, the waters being pent up by the nearness of the land, and therefore form a current, or *πορ*. So that the expression means no more than Ulysses surmounted this current, and then gained the wide ocean.

It is likewise evident from the beginning of this book, that Ulysses passed only one night in hell; for he arrived at the Cimmerians in one day, saw the visions of hell in the following night, and in the space of the next day returned from the Cimmerians in the evening to Circe's island, as appears from his going to repose immediately upon his landing.

It may be further proved that this was a nocturnal interview, from the nature of the magical incantations, which were always performed by night; all sacrifices were offered by night to the infernal powers; the offering was black, to represent the kingdom of darkness: thus also in other poets the moon is said to turn pale at these magical rites, or, as Virgil expresses it,

'Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam.'

And indeed, as Eustathius observes (from whom this note is

chiefly translated), it would have been absurd to have represented the realms of darkness surveyed by the light of the day.

V, 3. *Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels]*

This passage is full of obscurity: for how is it possible to suppose this island of Circe to be the residence of the morning; that is, for the day to rise immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a western situation? Some have imagined that this is spoken solely with respect to Ulysses, who, returning from the shades, might properly say that he arrived at the place where the day resides, that is, to a place enlightened by the sun. Others understand it comparatively, with respect to the Cimmerians, or rather to the realms of death, which Homer places in the west; with regard to these, *Ææa* may be said to lie in the east, or, in the poetical language, to be the residence of the morning. Besides, the Circean promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it; nay, it is said to be illustrated by the sun even by night. Others have conjectured, that what is here said implies no more than that Ulysses landed upon the eastern parts of the island; and lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word ocean in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the sun's rising and setting in the ocean. This is what Eustathius remarks, who adds, that the ancients understood *χοροί* not to signify 'dances,' but *χωροί*, 'the regions of the morning.' I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters: and I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the sun restores to the whole creation, when, dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imaged to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the sun, or rather of Aurora, who properly may be said to dance, being a goddess. Dacier renders *χοροί*, 'dances;' but judges that Homer here follows a fabulous geography, and that as he transported the Cimmerians with all their darkness from the Bosphorus to Campania,

so likewise he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from Cholchis into Italy : and therefore the poet gives the properties and situation to the island of Circe, which are only true of the eastern Cholchis.

It is very evident (continues she) that Homer was perfectly acquainted with the Phœnician story ; he tells us that Elpenor was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shores, and that it was called by his name Elpenor. Now the Phœnicians, who endeavoured to naturalize all names in their own language, affirmed, according to Bochart, that this promontory was not so called from Elpenor, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which signifies, ‘ ubi albescit lux matutina ; ’ that is, ‘ where the dawning of the day begins to appear.’ This promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it ; and this tradition might furnish Homer with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.

What may seem to confirm Dacier’s opinion of the transportation of Cholchis into Italy, is the immediate mention the poet makes of Jason, and *Æetes* king of Cholchis : besides the ancients believed Phasis, a river of Cholchis, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world : and *Ææa* being the capital of it, lying upon the Phasis, it might very rationally be mistaken for the place where the sun rose ; thus *Mimnermus* writes,

Αἴητας πόλιν τοῦτ' ὅπου πάλαι ἡλίου
 Ἀκτίνες χρύσεια κείσθαι ἐν θαλάμῳ
 ὤκεαν παρά χεῖλος ἴν' ὥχρειοι θεοὶ ἴκωνται.

That is, ‘ the city of *Æetes*, where the rays of the sun appear in a bed of gold, above the margin of the ocean, where the divine Jason arrived.’ This is an evidence that the poet was well acquainted with antiquity, and that (as *Strabo* judges) his astonishing fictions have truth for their foundation.

V. 51. *Next, where the Sirens dwell*] The critics have greatly laboured to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the Sirens. We are told by some, that the Sirens were queens of certain small islands, named *Sirenusæ*, that lie near *Caprea* in

Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Minerva, upon the top of which that goddess had a temple, as some affirm, built by Ulysses, according to this verse of Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

‘Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas.’

Here, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Sirens, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice, and attracting songs of the Sirens. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of poetry, they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, who there consumed their patrimonies, and poisoned their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now called Massa. In the days of Homer the Sirens were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual, as *οπα Σειρηνοιν, τισον Σειρηνοιν*; their names (adds Eustathius) were Thelxiepæa, and Aglaopheme. Other writers, in particular Lycophron, mention three Sirens; Ligæa, Parthenope, and Leucosia. Some are of opinion (continues the same author) that they were *ψαλτρίας και εταιρίδας*; that is, ‘singing women and harlots,’ who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain bay contracted within winding straits and broken cliffs, which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony, that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallowed up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer ourselves to be too much allured by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus Horace moralizes it:

‘..... Vitanda est improba Siren

Desidia’.....

But the fable may be applied to all pleasures in general, which, if too eagerly pursued, betray the incautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.

V. 71. *High o'er the main two rocks*] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of Scylla and Charybdis; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the reader what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. iv. thus describes it: 'This strait is the sea that flows between Rhegium and Messenè, where at the narrowest distance Sicily is divided from the continent; and this is that part of the sea which Ulysses is said to have passed, and it is called Charybdis: this sea, by reason of the straits, and the concourse of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas breaking violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is with good reason called *χαλεπή*, or 'destructive.' Charybdis stands on the coast of Sicily; Scylla on the coast of Italy.

Mr. Sandys examined these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the poets: speaking of Charybdis, he writes, 'When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the south, it forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many vessels miscarry by it. The stream through the strait runs towards the Ionian, and part of it sets into the haven, which turning about, and meeting with other streams, makes so violent an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the danger by coming to an anchor. Scylla (adds he) is seated in the midst of a bay, upon the neck of a narrow mountain, which thrusts itself into the sea, having at the uppermost end a steep high rock, so celebrated by the poets, and hyperbolically described by Homer as inaccessible. The fables are indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp rocks at the foot of the greater: these are the dogs that are said to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them make a noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why Scylla is said to devour the fishes, as Homer expresses it,

'When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;

She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.'

The reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the drowned. But Scylla is now without danger, the current not setting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

'Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,'

when they stand twelve miles distant: I rather conjecture (adds he) that there has been more than one Charybdis, occasioned by the recoiling streams: as there is one between the south end of this bay of Scylla and the opposite point of Sicily; there the waves justling make a violent eddy, which when the winds are rough, more than threaten destruction to ships, as I have heard from the Scyllians, when seeking perhaps to avoid the then more impetuous turning, they have been driven by weather upon the not far distant Scylla.'

Strabo (as Eustathius remarks) speaking of the Leontines, says, that they were an inhospitable people, Cyclopeans, and Læstrigons; and adds, that Scylla and Charybdis were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those rocks, and the murders and depredations of the robbers, these fictions might arise: they might murder six of the companions of Ulysses, and throw them into the sea from Scylla, which may be expressed in their being said to be swallowed up by that monster.

Bochart judges that the names of Scylla and Charybdis are of Phœnician extract: the one derived from Sool, which signifies loss and ruin; the other from Chorobdam, which implies the abyss of destruction.

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times; the violence of the waters may not only have enlarged their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as anciently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskil-

fulness of the ancients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

V. 75. *No dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ethereal king.]*

What might give Homer this notion, might be what is related of the Symplegades. Phineus being asked by Jason if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; Jason answers, as swift as a dove. Then, said Phineus, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety. Jason complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail; that hero immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder: this story being reported of the Symplegades, might give Homer the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis. You may find in Eustathius several far-fetched notions upon this passage, but I shall pass them over in silence. Longinus blames it, and I have ventured in the translation to omit that particular which occasioned his censure.

V. 104. *And the dire passage down to hell descends.]* Homer means by hell, the regions of death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction; or, in Homer's words, it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 109. *With less terrors roar
The whelps of lions]*

The words in the original are, σκυλακῶν νεογιλῆς, which in the proper and immediate sense do not confine it to the whelps of a lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind: νεογιλον Eustathius interprets νεωστὶ γινόμενον, or newly whelped, and in the latter sense the passage is understood by that author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκυλακῶν ὀλιγὴ, Σκυλλῇ δὲ μέγα κῆλον; that is, 'the voice of a whelp is low, but Scylla is described as a huge monster;' and the poet uses it as we do this expression, 'The voice of a wicked man is soft, but his deeds are mischievous

and abominable.' I have ventured to translate the words in the other sense, after most interpreters, for Homer expresses the voice of Scylla by *Δεινὸν λίλακνία*, or, 'uttering a dreadful noise:' now what he calls her voice, is nothing but the roaring of the waves in storms when they beat against that rock; and this being very loud, is better represented by the roaring of a lion, than the complaining of a young whelp.

V. 118. *The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food.*] Polybius (as Strabo remarks) contends, that Homer in all his fictions alludes to the customs of antiquity: for instance, Scylla was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as Homer mentions: this was the manner of taking the sea-dog; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approached, which usually swam with more than half of the body above water: Ulysses is the speculator, who stands armed with his spear; and it is probable, adds Polybius, that Homer thought Ulysses really visited Scylla, since he ascribes to Scylla that manner of fishing which is really practised by the Scyllians.

V. 131. *Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.*]

Strabo quotes this passage to prove, that Homer understood the flux and reflux of the ocean. 'An instance,' says he, 'of the care that poet took to inform himself in all things, is what he writes concerning the tides, for he calls the reflux *απορροή*, or the 'revolution of the waters:' he tells us, that Scylla (it should be Charybdis) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tides.' There are indeed but two tides in a day, but this is the error of the librarians, who put *τρίς* for *δύς*. Eustathius solves the expression of the three tides differently; it ought to be understood of the *νυχθημερόν*, of the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

V. 156. *Cratæis gave to air*
This dreadful pest]

It is not evident who this Cratæis is whom the poet makes the mother of Scylla: Eustathius informs us that it is Hecate, a goddess very properly recommended by Circe; she, like Circe, being the president over sorceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of Scylla? Dacier imagines that Homer speaks enigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or poetry.

V. 161. *Where graze thy herds]* This fiction concerning the immortal herds of Apollo is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in ancient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: these being always of a fixed number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the poet feigns that they never bred or increased: and being constantly supplied upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay (for the same cause one of the most famous legions of antiquity was called immortal). Eustathius informs us, that they were labouring oxen employed in tillage, and it was esteemed a particular profanation to destroy a labouring ox: it was criminal to eat of it; nay, it was forbid to be offered even in sacrifices to the gods; and a crime punishable with death by the laws of Solon. So that the moral intended by Homer in this fable of the violation of the herds of Apollo is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the gods. As to the flocks of sheep, Herodotus informs us, that in Apollonia along the Ionian gulf, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that deity, and were therefore inviolable.

V. 241. *The smoking billows roll'd.]* What is to be understood by the smoke of the billows? Does the poet mean a real fire arising from the rocks? Most of the critics have judged that the rock vomited out flames; for Homer mentions in the beginning of this book,

‘ Πυρρὸν τ’ ὀλοοῖο Σκυλλᾶς.

I have taken the liberty to translate both these passages in a different sense; by the smoke I understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the 'storms of fire' (as Homer expresses it) the reflections the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames; thus in storms literally

' Ardescunt ignibus undæ.'

Scylla and Charybdis are in a continual storm, and may therefore be said to emit flames. I have softened the expression in the translation by inserting the word *seem*.

Ulysses continues upon one of these rocks several hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon Charybdis; but both the fig-tree and Ulysses must have been consumed, if the rock had really emitted flames.

V. 314. *To Sol's bright isle*] This isle is evidently Sicily; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on Trinacria (so anciently called from the three promontories of Lilybæum, Pelorus, and Pachynus).

V. 363. *And now (their hunger fled)*

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.]

This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary; the companions of Ulysses appear to have forgot their lost friends, they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practice of Ulysses's friends is consonant to the customs of antiquity: it was esteemed a profanation and a piece of ingratitude to the gods, to mix sorrow with their entertainments: the hours of repast were allotted to joy, and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practice bears a secret instruction, viz. that the principal care is owing to the living; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. Æneas and his friends are drawn in the same attitude by Virgil:

• 'Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt;

Præcipuè pius Æneas, nunc acris Oronti,
Nunc Amyci casum gemit,' &c.

V. 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.*] This is a very bold fiction; for how can the sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to shine within the earth, for there the realm of Pluto is placed by Homer? I am persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. Erebus is placed in the west, where the sun sets, and consequently when he disappears, he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness, or Erebus.

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness of the sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happened at a time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the poets liberty to feign that the sun withdrew his light from the view of it.

V. 458. *To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.*]

These lines are inserted (as Eustathius observes) solely to reconcile the story to credibility; for how was it possible for Ulysses to arrive at the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the gods are discovered are happily chosen; Mercury was the messenger of heaven, and it is this god who descends to Calypso in the fifth book of the Odyssey: so that there was a correspondence between Calypso and Mercury; and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that goddess, and she, out of affection, to Ulysses.

V. 464. *Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides]*

This is not among the passages condemned by Longinus; and indeed it was no way blameable, if we consider the times when it was spoken, and the persons to whom it is related: I mean Phæacians, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said injudiciously by a great writer, may very properly be applied to

these people; 'Credo, quia impossibile est.' But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story: Homer has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as necromancy, witchcraft, and natural portents; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevailed among the ancients: let any one read Livy, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believed at least by the vulgar. Thus, we read of speaking oxen, the sweating of the statues of the gods, in the best Roman histories. If such wonders might have a place in history, they may certainly be allowed room in poetry, whose province is fable: it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame; this is a sufficient foundation for poetry. Virg. Georg. i. 478.

' Pecudesque locutæ,
Infandum! sistunt amnes,' &c.

The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: they are now almost universally disbelieved, and therefore would not be approved as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies.

V. 477. *And now outflies
The gloomy west, &c.]*

Longinus, while he condemns the Odyssey as wanting fire, through the decay of Homer's fancy, excepts the descriptions of the tempests, which he allows to be painted with the boldest and strongest strokes of poetry.

V. 519. *What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast]*

This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by Mons. Perault. Ulysses being carried (says that author) on his mast towards Charybdis, leaps from it, and clings like a bat round a fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulfs of it; and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a judge when he rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having tried several causes. But Boileau fully vindicates Homer in his reflections on Longi-

nus: before the use of dials or clocks the ancients distinguished the day by some remarkable offices or stated employments; as from the dining of the labourer,

‘..... What time in some sequester’d vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.’

Iliad xi. ver. 119. See the Annotations; so here from the rising of the judges: and both denote the midday, or noontide hour.

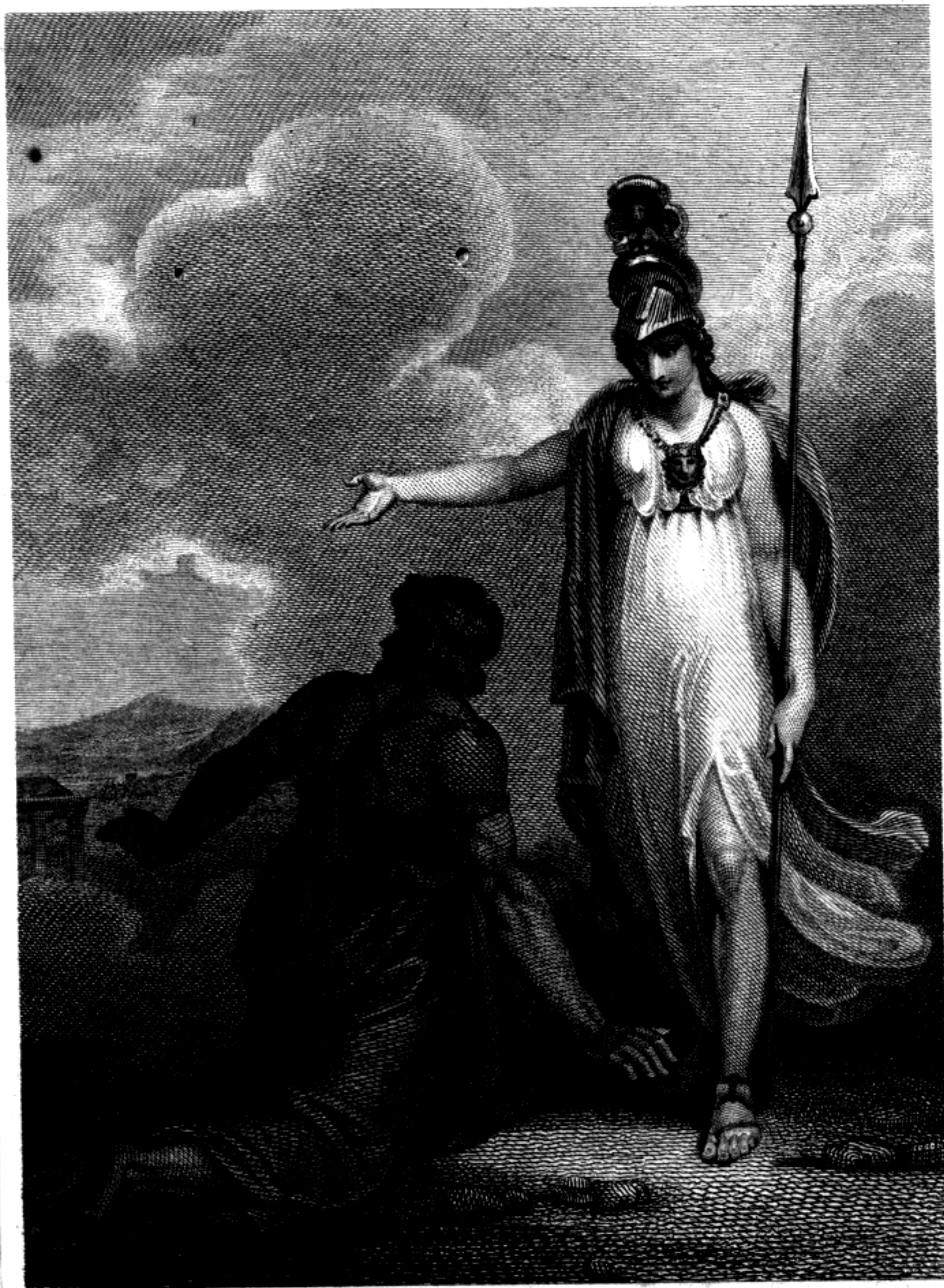
V. 552. *When the tenth sun descended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. Ulysses continued upon the mast ten days, and consequently ten days without any nourishment. Longinus brings this passage as an instance of the decay of Homer’s genius, and his launching out into extravagant fables.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.



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BOOK XIII.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear,
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the king resumes:

Whatever toils the great Ulysses past, 5
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom these walls inclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows 10
With wine unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage):
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove, 15
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the state shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps ad-
drest

To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest. 20

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
 And shed her sacred light along the skies.
 Down to the haven and the ships in haste
 They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
 The king himself the vases rang'd with care: 25
 Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
 A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
 Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
 To Jove th' eternal (pow'r above all pow'rs!
 Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with
 show'rs), 30
 The flames ascend: till ev'ning they prolong
 The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:
 For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
 Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd.
 All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight: 35
 He sat, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
 Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
 His native home deep imagin'd in his soul.
 As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
 Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil, 40
 Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
 When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way
 To late repast (the day's hard labour done):
 So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.

Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest 45
 (The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus addrest:

O thou, the first in merit and command!
 And you the peers and princes of the land!
 May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the least,
 When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
 Safe to my home to send your happy guest. 51
 Complete are now the bounties you have giv'n,
 Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n!
 So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,
 My consort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55
 On you be ev'ry bliss; and ev'ry day,
 In home-felt joys delighted, roll away;
 Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
 May ev'ry god enrich with ev'ry grace!
 Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand, 60
 And public evil never touch the land!

His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd

Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.
 The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
 To fill the goblet high with rosy wine: 65
 Great Jove the father, first (he cried) implore;
 Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought ;
 Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught :
 Each from his seat to each immortal pours, 70
 Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bow'rs.
 Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
 The bowl presenting to Arete's hands ;
 Then thus : O queen, farewell ! be still possess'd
 Of dear remembrance, blessing still and bless'd !
 Till age and death shall gently call thee hence : 76
 (Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence !)
 Farewell ! and joys successive ever spring
 To thee, to thine, the people, and the king !

Thus he ; then parting prints the sandy shore
 To the fair port : a herald march'd before, 81
 Sent by Alcinous : of Arete's train
 Three chosen maids attend him to the main ;
 This does a tunic and white vest convey,
 A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85
 And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
 Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates :
 Upon the deck, soft painted robes they spread,
 With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.
 He climb'd the lofty stern ; then gently preest 90
 The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
 Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
 At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
 And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores.
 While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
 And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
 As fiery coursers in the rapid race,
 Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
 Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
 So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main. 101
 Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
 And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
 Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies: 105
 Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
 A man in wisdom equal to a god!
 Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
 In storms by sea, and combats on the shore; 109
 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
 Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day;
 Like distant clouds the mariner descries,
 Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. 115

Far from the town a spacious port appears,
 Sacred to Phorcys' pow'r, whose name it bears:
 Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide, 120
 And ships secure without their halsers ride.
 High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas; 125
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave, the clust'ring bees attend 130
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;
 Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end. 135

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
 Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.

His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid 140
 In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
 Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
 Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Nor yet forgôt old Ocean's dread supreme
 The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme. 145
 Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
 And sought the secret counsels of the god.

Shall then no more, O sire of gods! be mine
 The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?
 Scorn'd e'en by man, and (oh severe disgrace) 150
 By soft Phæacians, my degen'rate race!
 Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
 And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
 To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
 Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee? 155
 Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
 From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
 Lo, where he lies, amidst a shining store
 Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
 And bears triumphant to his native isle 160
 A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the father of th' immortal pow'rs,
 Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
 show'rs:

Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?
 Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
 Rever'd and awful e'en in heav'n's abodes, 166
 Ancient and great! a god above the gods!
 If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
 (Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
 Go, then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 170
 He said: the shaker of the earth replies:

 This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
 A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
 To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
 No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175
 Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
 If such thy will.—We will it, Jove replies.
 E'en when with transport black'ning all the strand,
 The swarming people hail their ship to land,
 Fix her for ever, a memorial stone: 180
 Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;
 The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
 Of whelming mountains overhang their head!

 With that, the god whose earthquakes rock the
 ground,
 Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound, 185
 Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
 The winged pinnace shot along the sea.

The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
 And roots her down an everlasting rock.
 Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise; 190
 All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
 What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
 And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
 Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
 Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign. 195

Behold the long predestin'd day! (he cries)
 O certain faith of ancient prophecies!
 These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
 A dreadful story, big with future woes;
 How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
 Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay, 201
 Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
 Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand;
 (A monument of wrath) and mound on mound
 Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.

The fates have follow'd as declar'd the seer. 206
 Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear:
 No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
 With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore;
 On angry Neptune now for mercy call: 210
 To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.

So may the god reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led: 215
The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The king of ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay, 220
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care, 225
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the gods ordain'd to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord. 230

Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
woods.

Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress 235
 The king arose, and beat his careful breast;
 Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
 And sought, around, his native realm in vain:
 Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
 And as he spoke, the tears began to flow. 240

Ye gods! (he cried) upon what barren coast,
 In what new region, is Ulysses tost?
 Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
 Where shall this treasure now in safety lie? 245
 And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
 Ah why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
 Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
 Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
 And safe restor'd me to my native land. 250
 Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,
 And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
 Oh righteous gods! of all the great, how few
 Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
 But he, the pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes 255
 The deeds of men appear without disguise,
 'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
 For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.

To count these presents, and from thence to prove
 Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove. 260

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
 The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
 All these he found, but still in error lost,
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
 Sighs for his country, and laments again 265
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.

When lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,
 Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely line;
 A graceful robe her slender body drest, 271
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
 Her decent hand a shining jav'lin bore,
 And painted sandals on her feet shone.

To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race 275
 Thou art, that wand'rest in this desert place!

With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend,
 To thee my treasures and myself commend. ●

O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
 What air I breathe, what country I survey? 280
 The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
 Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?

From what fair clime (said ~~he~~) remote from
fame,

Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?

Thou seest an island, not to those unknown 285

Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,

Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign

Behold him sinking in the western main.

The rugged soil allows no level space

For flying chariots, or the rapid race; 290

Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,

Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:

The loaded trees their various fruits produce,

And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice: 294

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove

The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:

Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,

And rising springs eternal verdure yield.

E'en to those shores is Ithaca renown'd, 299

Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this, the chief with transport was possest,

His panting heart exulted in his breast;

Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,

And veiling truth in plausible disguise,

Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305

His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name ;
 For 'twas from Crete, my native soil, I came ;
 Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
 And left my children and my friends behind. 310
 From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
 Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew :
 (With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
 Due to the toils of many a bloody day)
 Unseen I 'scap'd ; and favour'd by the night 315
 In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
 For Pyle or Elis bound : but tempests tost,
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land. 320
 But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore, 325
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man :
 Then chang'd her form ; and now, divinely bright,
 Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight :

Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom, 331
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refin'd!

Artful in speech, in action, and in mind! 335

Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?

But this to me? who, like thyself, excel

In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.

To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine, 340

No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.

Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,

Thro' ten years' wand'ring, and thro' ten years' war;

Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,

To raise his wonder, and engage his aid; 345

And now appear, thy treasures to protect,

Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,

And tell what more thou must from fate expect:

Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!

The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn. 350

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;

Yield to the force of unresisted fate,

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies, 355
 He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
 So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
 When the bold Argives led their warring pow'rs
 Against proud Ilion's well-defended tow'rs,
 Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid! 360
 Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
 But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
 And bound for Greece we plough'd the wat'ry way;
 Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,
 Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost: 365
 Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
 And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
 But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
 Tell me, O tell, is this my native place?
 For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea 370
 Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
 The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
 To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus replies:
 How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
 Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show, 376
 And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.
 The more shall Pallas just desires,
 And guard the wisdom herself inspires.

Others, long absent from their native place, 380
 Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
 To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
 Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
 His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love; 384
 Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
 And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
 But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
 Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:
 Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
 And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage? 390
 Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
 The pleasing prospect of thy na
 Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
 Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas:
 Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign
 Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
 Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
 And shakes the waving forests on his sides. 400
 So spake the goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
 The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
 The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
 And on his knees salutes his mother earth:

Then with his suppliant hands upheld in air, 405

Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r :

All hail ! Ye virgin daughters of the main !
 Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again !
 To you once more your own Ulysses bows ;
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows ! 410
 If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful off'rings on your altars laid. 414

Then thus Minerva : From that anxious breast
 Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
 Our task be ~~now~~ thy treasur'd stores to save,
 Deep in the close recesses of the cave :
 Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod
 The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god. 420
 The closest caverns of the grot she sought ;
 The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought ;
 These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd ;
 The entrance with a rock the goddess clos'd.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade, 425
 Confer the hero and the martial maid.
 The goddess of the azure eyes began :
 Son of Laertes ! much-experienc'd man !

The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
 Of that luxurious race to rid the land : 430
 Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
 And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
 But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
 And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away :
 Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives 435
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this Ulysses : O celestial maid !
 Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid :
 Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
 Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain. 440
 Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
 And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
 Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
 As when we wrapt Troy's heav'n-built walls in fire.
 Though leagu'd against me hundred heroes stand,
 Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand. 446

She answer'd : In the dreadful day of fight
 Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
 If thou but equal to thyself be found,
 What gasping numbers then shall press the ground !
 What human victims stain the feastful floor ! 451
 How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !

It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
 And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
 For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace, 455
 And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
 O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
 Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,
 And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire, 460
 Add all the wants and the decays of life,
 Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife;
 From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,
 And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find, 465
 True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
 For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir,
 And chaste Penelope, extends his care.
 At the Coracian rock he now resides,
 Where Arethusa's sable water glides; 470
 The sable water and the copious mast
 Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
 With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
 And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
 Me into other realms my cares convey, 475
 To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:

For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of fame.

At this the father, with a father's care:

Must he too suffer, he, O goddess! bear 480

Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?

Thro' the wild ocean plough the dang'rous way,

And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?

Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!

Inform him certain, and protect him, kind? 485

To whom Minerva: Be thy soul at rest;

And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.

To fame I sent him, to acquire renown:

To other regions is his virtue known.

Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd; 490

With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours

grac'd.

But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;

Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:

In vain! far sooner all the murd'rous brood

This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood. 495

She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful

wand:

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:

A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
 A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
 Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd 500
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
 In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
 A stag's torn hide is lap'd around his reins;
 A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains; 505
 And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
 Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
 So look'd the chief, so mov'd! To mortal eyes
 Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
 While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air, 510
 To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XIII.

V. 3. *The shady rooms.*] The epithet in the original is *σχιονερα*, or gloomy: it is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the reader's mind the exact time when Ulysses made his narration to the Phæacians, namely, in the evening of the thirty-third day: we may likewise gather from this distinction of times the exact stay of Ulysses among the Phæacians; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty-first day in the evening, and lands about day-break on the thirty-fifth day in his own country; so that he stayed three nights only with Alcinous, one night being spent in his voyage to Ithaca from Phæacia.

V. 10. *For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wine unmix'd, &c.]*

Homer calls the wine *γερουσιον*, or wine drank at the entertainment of elders; *γερωντων*, or men of distinction, says Eustathius; by the bard, he means Demodocus.

The same critic further remarks, that Homer judiciously shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of Ulysses: thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the subject of the song of Demodocus; these are circumstances that at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of Ulysses to begin his voyage toward his country. These therefore the poet briefly dispatches.

V. 39. *As the tir'd ploughman, &c.]* The simile which Homer chooses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of Ulysses: it is familiar, but expressive. Horace was not of the judgment of those who thought it mean, for he uses it in his Epistles.

V. 73. *The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus]*

It may be asked why Ulysses addresses his words to the queen, rather than the king? the reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first received him with hospitality, as appears from the seventh book of the Odyssey.

Ulysses makes a libation to the gods, and presents the bowl to the queen: this was the pious practice of antiquity upon all solemn occasions: Ulysses here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of it. The reason why he presents the bowl to the queen is, that she may first drink out of it, for so *ἡρώεσσι* properly and originally signifies, *το ποτὶ βασιλῆα δίδωται τὴν κύπελλον*, says Eustathius. Propino is used differently by the Romans.

V. 112. *But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n]*

From this passage we may gather, that Ithaca is distant from Corcyra or Phæacia no farther than a vessel sails in the compass of one night; and this agrees with the real distance between those islands; an instance that Homer was well acquainted with geography: this is the morning of the thirty-fifth day.

V. 116. *A spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys']*

Phorcys was the son of Pontus and Terra, according to Hesiod's genealogy of the gods: this haven is said to be sacred to that deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it received its appellation.

V. 124. *A gloomy grotto's cool recess.]* Porphyry has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the Nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment; and another person has perverted it into the utmost obscenity, and both allegorically. But I confess I should rather choose to understand the description poetically, believing that Homer never dreamed of these matters, though the age in which he flourished was addicted to allegory.

How often do painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not Homer write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his hero to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enlivened with the subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description.

V. 134. *Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.*

I shall offer a conjecture to explain these two lines. It has been already observed, that the Ethiopians held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the gods were said to feast with the Ethiopians; that is, they were present with them by their statues: thus also Themis was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were convened, and when they were broken up they carried it away. Now we have already remarked, that this port was sacred to Phorcys, because he had a temple by it: it may not then be impossible, but that this temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the gods in their processions through the southern gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: for that reason the deities were said to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals.

V. 138. *Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gen'ly plac'd him on the rocky shore.]*

There is nothing in the whole Odyssey that more shocks our reason than the exposing Ulysses asleep on the shore by the Phæaciāns: 'The passage (says Aristotle in his Poetics) where Ulysses is landed in Ithaca, is so full of absurdities, that they would be intolerable in a bad poet; but Homer has concealed

them under an infinity of admirable beauties, with which he has adorned all that part of the Odyssey; these he has crowded together, as so many charms to hinder our perceiving the defects of the story.' Aristotle must be allowed to speak with great judgment; for what probability is there that a man so prudent as Ulysses, who was alone in a vessel at the discretion of strangers, should sleep so soundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all his baggage on shore, and the Phæacians should set sail, and he never awake? This is still more absurd, if we remember that Ulysses has his soul so strongly bent upon his country; is it then possible, that he could be thus sunk into a lethargy, in the moment when he arrives at it?

V. 142. . . . *Then launch'd the bark again.*] This voluntary and unexpected return of the Phæacians, and their landing Ulysses in his sleep, seems as unaccountable on the part of the Phæacians, as of Ulysses; for what can be more absurd than to see them exposing a king and his effects upon the shores without his knowledge, and flying away secretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note shewed what the critics say in condemnation of Homer, it is but justice to lay together what they say in his defence.

That the Phæacians should fly away in secret is no wonder: Ulysses had through the whole course of the eleventh book (particularly by the mouth of the prophet Tiresias) told the Phæacians that the suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the suitors would use any persons as enemies who should contribute to restore Ulysses to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the Ithacan shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely, to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation.

Eustathius remarks, that the Phæacians were an unwarlike nation, or, as it is expressed by a Phæacian,

Οὐ γὰρ φαίηκεσσι μέλει βίος, καὶ φρετρή,

and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of navigation to it; for this reason they begin their voyage to Ithaca by night, land Ulysses without waking him, and return at the appearance of day-light, that they might not shew what course was to be steered to come to the Phæacian shores.

Plutarch, in his treatise of 'Reading the Poets,' tells us, that there is a tradition among the Tuscans, that Ulysses was naturally *drowsy*, and a person that could not easily be conversed with, by reason of that *sleepy* disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all: though indeed it must be confessed, that this tradition is countenanced by his behaviour in the *Odyssey*, or rather may be only a story formed from it: his greatest calamities rise from his *sleeping*: when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of Æolus, he falls *asleep*, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it: he is *asleep* while they kill the oxen of Apollo; and here he *sleeps* while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in Homer, that gave Horace the hint to say,

‘ Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.’

Implying, that when Homer was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his hero *asleep*, and this salved all the difficulty; as in the above-mentioned instances.

Plutarch is of opinion, that this *sleep* of Ulysses was feigned; and that he made use of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the straits he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the Phæacians without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discovered by the suitors, if he entertained such a multitude: therefore, to avoid both these difficulties, he feigns a sleep while they land him, till they sail away.

Eustathius agrees with Plutarch in the main, and adds another reason why the Phæacians land Ulysses sleeping; namely, because they were ashamed to wake him, lest he should think

they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the sleep of Ulysses; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquillity, and so sink him into a deep sleep; Homer himself seems to give this as a reason of it in the following lines.

‘ Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish’d from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.’

It must be allowed that the last line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the poet undoubtedly inserted it, to prevent our surprise at the manner of his being set on shore, by calling his sleep

‘ a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.’

How far a wise man is obliged to resist the calls of nature, I leave to the discussion of philosophers; those of sleep are no more to be resisted, than those of thirst or hunger. But yet I confess Ulysses yielded unseasonably, and the strong passion and love for his country that so fully possessed his soul, should have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to see it, after an absence of almost twenty years.

V. 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.]*

I refer the reader to the eighth book of the Odyssey, for a further account of this transformation. Scaliger condemns it, ‘ Ulyssis navis in saxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere debuit.’ But will it not be an answer to say, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of Neptune, and that whenever the story of the vessel was mentioned,

the punishment likewise must be remembered in honour of that deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a physical allegory, and that Homer delivers the opinion of the ancients concerning the transmutation of one species into another, as wood into stone, by water, that is, by Neptune the god of it; according to those lines of Ovid,

‘Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.’

But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of epic poetry allows. ‘The marvellous (says Aristotle in his Poetics) ought to take place in tragedy, but much more in the epic, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the marvellous is always agreeable, and a proof of it is, that those who relate any thing, generally add something to the truth of it, that it may better please those who hear it. Homer (continues he) is the man who has given the best instructions to other poets how to tell lies agreeably.’ Horace is of the same opinion:

‘Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.’

However, we must not think that Aristotle advises poets to put things evidently false and impossible into their poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildness; he only means (as Monsieur Dacier observes) that the wonderful should exceed the probable, but not destroy it; and this will be effected if the poet has the address to prepare the reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle itself, and reconcile him to it by degrees, so that his reason does not perceive, at least is not shocked, at the illusion: thus for instance, Homer puts this transformation into the hands of a deity; he prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reason of the transformation; namely, the anger of Neptune; and at last he brings in Jupiter assenting to it. This is the method Homer takes to reconcile it to probability. Virgil undoubtedly thought it a

beauty; for, after Homer's example, he gives us a transformation of the ships of Æneas into sea-nymphs.

I have already remarked from Bossu, that such miracles as these ought not to be too frequent in an epic poem; all the machines that require divine probability ought to be so detached from the action of the poem, that they may be retrenched from it, without destroying the action: those that are essential to the action, ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chasm; and it in no way affects the integrity of the action.

V. 225. *Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.]*

The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that Ulysses by his long absence had forgot the face of his own country; the woods by almost twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the public roads were altered by so great a length of time. How then should Ulysses come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story, draws it from him. This artifice is the Minerva that gives him information. By the 'veil of thicken'd air' is meant, that Ulysses, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and concealed himself from the Ithacans; and this too being the dictate of wisdom, Homer ascribes it to Pallas.

V. 311. *From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochns, I slew.]*

Eustathius observes, that this relation is not consonant to ancient histories, but invented to make the disguised Ulysses more acceptable to the suitors, should he be brought before them. For this person, whom they could not know to be Ulysses, could not fail of finding favour with them, having slain the son of Idomeneus the friend of Ulysses: and though it be not recorded by the ancients, yet it may be conjectured, that Orsilochns was thus slain, though not by Ulysses.

V. 445. *Though leagu'd against me hundred, &c.]* Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in Homer; the whole number

of suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason, if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it: this is the intent of Homer in this and various other places of the *Odyssey*: he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The ancients (says Eustathius) would not here allow Ulysses to speak hyperbolically; he is that hero whom we have already seen in the *Iliad* resist whole bands of Trojans, when the Greeks were repulsed, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustained their assaults till he was disengaged by Ajax. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what Ulysses speaks; it contains this certain truth (adds Dacier), that a man assisted by heaven, has not only nothing to fear, but is assured to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

V. 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!*] The words in the Greek are ἀσπέλον ὕδαρ, which Eustathius imagines to signify the land of Ithaca; for the hall even of a palace is too narrow to be styled *immense*, or ἀσπέλον. But this contradicts the matter of fact, as appears from the place where the suitors were slain, which was not in the fields of Ithaca, but in the palace of Ulysses: ἀσπέλον really signifies large or spacious; and a palace that could entertain at one time so great a number of suitors might be called vast, or ἀσπέλον, which Hesychius interprets by λίαν πολὺν, μέγας. DACIER.

V. 465. *Go first the master of thy herds to find.*] There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary: the hero of a poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action: neither is Ulysses idle in this recess; he goes thither to acquaint himself with the condition of his affairs, both public and domestic: he there lays the plan for the destruction of the suitors, inquires after their numbers, and the state of Penelope and Telemachus. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, till he has prepared all things for the execution of the great event of the whole *Odyssey*.

V. 469. *Coracian rock*] This rock was so called from a young man whose name was Corax, who in pursuit of a hare fell from it, and broke his neck: Arethusa his mother hear-

ing of the accident, hanged herself by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was called Arethusa. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 502. *His robe, which spots indelible besmear, &c.*] I doubt not but Homer draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by Homer, as even to retain a nobleness and dignity; let any person read the description, and he will be convinced of it: what can be more lofty and sonorous than this verse?

Ροβᾶλα, ρυττωῖα κακῶ μεμορῶμενα καπνῶ.

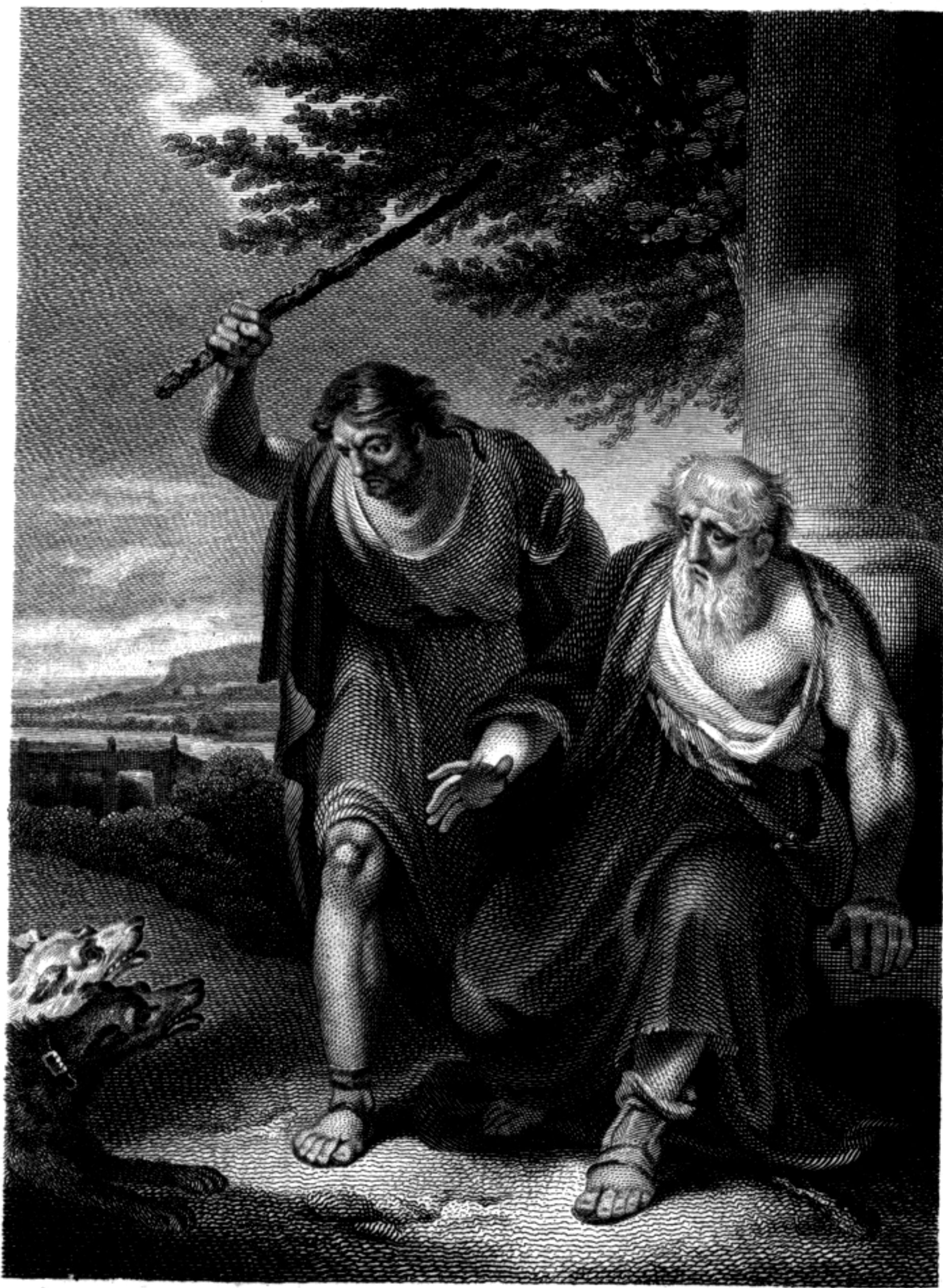
It is no humility to say that a translator must fall short of the original in such passages; the Greek language has words noble and sounding to express all subjects, which are wanting in our tongue; all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean or ridiculous. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of Ulysses in the form of a beggar as a fault to Homer; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it; for the way to make a king undiscoverable, is to dress him as unlike himself as possible. David counterfeited madness, as Ulysses poverty, and neither of them ought to lie under any imputation; it is easy to vindicate Homer, from the disguise of the greatest persons and generals in history, upon the like emergencies; but there is no occasion for it.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

ULYSSES arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.



Painted by H^d Singleton.

Engraved by Ja^s Stow.

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BOOK XIV.

BUT he, deep musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.
Eumæus at his silvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around, the mansion in a circle shone;
A rural portico of rugged stone: 10
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)
The wall was stone from neighb'ring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak; 16
Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd; 20

Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,
 A stock by daily luxury decreast;
 Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
 Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
 Here sat Eumæus, and his cares applied 25
 To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
 Of four assistants who his labour share,
 Three now were absent on the rural care;
 The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train:
 But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain, 30
 Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
 And wearied heav'n with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
 Down sat the sage; and cautious to withstand, 35
 Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
 Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
 With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;
 The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay. 40

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
 Began with accents gracious and humane)
 What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
 Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate?

Enough of woes already have I known; 45

Enough my master's sorrows and my own.

While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,

Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;

Perhaps supported at another's board,

Far from his country roams my hapless lord! 50

Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,

Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality: 54

Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest;
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed. 60
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:

And oh, ye gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain replied: It never was our guise 65
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.

Little, alas! is all the good I can;
 A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man: 70
 Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
 Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
 Far hence is by unequal gods remov'd
 That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
 To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd, 75
 And more, had fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
 But fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore;
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
 Ah perish Helen! perish all her kind! 80
 For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
 He trod so fatally the paths of fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
 Straight to the lodgments of his herd he run, 85
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
 Of two, his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood;
 These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
 All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
 And smoking back the tasteful viands drew, 90
 Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
 The ready meal, before Ulysses laid,

With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luscious as the bee's nectareous dew:

Then sat companion of the friendly feast, 95

With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,

Such food as falls to simple servants' share;

The best our lords consume; those thoughtless

peers,

Rich without bounty, guilty without fears! 100

Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,

And honour justice and the righteous breast.

Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,

The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,

To whom offending men are made a prey 105

When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;

E'en these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,

Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;

Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,

'Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin.' 110

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,

That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.

Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs

Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:

Constant as Jove the night and day bestows, 115

Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.

None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
 O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main,
 Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
 The wide-extended continents obey: 120
 First on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
 Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin
 feed;

As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
 As many lodgments for the tusky herd; 124
 Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
 To native pastors is their charge assign'd;
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
 All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd. 130

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
 With hunger keen devours the sav'ry feast;
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
 Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
 Eumæus pours on high the purple tide; 135
 The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
 And thus the kind inviting host address'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
 So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?

Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honour's glorious bed at rest. 141

Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me ;
Who (so the gods, and so the fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land. 145

Small is the faith the prince and queen ascribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wand'ring tribe :
For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here, 150
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you
crave

Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, 155
Or food for fish, or dogs, his relics lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find : 160
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.

Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
 Again to hail them in their native shore,
 As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace, 165
 Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
 That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
 E'en in his absence I pronounce with fear:
 In my respect, he bears a prince's part;
 But lives a very brother, in my heart. 170

Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
 The master of his grief, the man of patient mind:
 Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
 (Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the gods.
 Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd, 175
 And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.
 If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed;
 Till his return, no title shall I plead,
 Though certain be my news, and great my need.
 Whom want itself can force untruths to tell, 180
 My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!
 And ev'ry god inspiring social love!
 And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits
 Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates! 185
 Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
 His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,

In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return. 189

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore
(Reply'd Eumæus): to the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes. 195
But guard him, gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true consort can desire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow 200
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind. 205
What man, or god, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire design 210
To end at once the great Arcesian line.

But let us leave him to their wills above;
 The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
 And now, my venerable guest! declare
 Your name, your parents, and your native air: 215
 Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
 And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?

Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
 The cautious chief his ready story told:

On dark reserve what better can prevail, 220
 Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
 Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
 Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
 But most the kind inviter's cheerful face?
 Thus, might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
 Till the whole circle of the year goes round; 226
 Not the whole circle of the year would close
 My long narration of a life of woes.

But such was heav'n's high will! Know then, I
 came

From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame, 230
 Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)
 Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
 Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.
 Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
 I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race: 235

But when that fate, which all must undergo,
 From earth remov'd him to the shades below,
 The large domain his greedy sons divide,
 And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
 Little, alas! was left my wretched share, 240
 Except a house, a covert from the air:
 But what by niggard fortune was denied,
 A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
 My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind 245
 (The sex is ever to a soldier kind).
 Now wasting years my former strength confound,
 And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
 Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man. 250
 Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
 And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
 Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
 Let ghastly death in all his forms appear, 255
 I saw him not; it was not mine to fear.
 Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;
 The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
 But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
 The rural labour, or domestic care. 260

To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
 And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
 Were arts the gods made grateful to my mind;
 Those gods who turn (to various ends design'd)
 The various thoughts and talents of mankind. 265
 Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
 Nine times commander or by land or main,
 In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
 Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
 Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
 To Crete return'd, an honourable name. 271
 But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
 Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
 bleed,

Our states myself and Idomen employ
 To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy. 275
 Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall;
 Homeward we sail'd, but heav'n dispers'd us all.
 One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
 So will'd the god who gives and takes away.
 Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
 Intent to voyage to th' Egyptian shores; 281
 In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
 Six days consum'd; the sev'nth we plough'd the
 main.

Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
 Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly; 285
 Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
 The steerman governs, and the ships obey.
 The fifth fair morn we stem th' Egyptian tide,
 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
 To anchor there my fellows I command, 290
 And spies commission to explore the land.
 But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
 The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise. 295
 The redd'ning dawn reveals the circling fields
 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
 Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
 We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
 I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove?
 (And sure the thought was dictated by Jove;
 O had he left me to that happier doom,
 And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)
 The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd, 305
 And low on earth my shield and jav'lin cast,
 I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.

He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
 My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd, 310
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe exprest,
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
 Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
 And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.

In Egypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
 I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest: 316
 On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;
 The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
 A false Phœnician of insidious mind,
 Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind, 320
 With semblance fair invites me to his home;
 I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam),
 Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
 Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
 To Libya then he meditates the way; 325
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
 Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
 Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales: 330
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
 And far from ken of any other coast,

When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
 Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head, 335
 (The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread)
 He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
 Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
 In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
 And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost. 340
 As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
 The sable crows with intercepted flight
 Drop endlong; scar'd, and black with sulph'rous
 hue,
 So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
 Such end the wicked found! But Jove's intent
 Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.
 Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
 The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore. 350
 The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
 The sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame 355
 How late Ulysses to the country came,

How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he staid,
 And here his whole collected treasure laid;
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
 Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore, 360
 And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
 Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill,
 What means might best his safe return avail, 365
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
 Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
 Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,
 That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd. 370
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
 To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors' mind:
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train, 375
 And misery demands me once again.
 Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me
 round,
 (Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound. 380

At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
 The ship arriv'd: forth-issuing on the sand,
 They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,
 The pitying gods themselves my chains unbind.
 Soft I descended, to the sea applied 385
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
 Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd,
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
 Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes, 391
 They led me to a good man and a wise;
 To live beneath thy hospitable care,
 And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!
 (Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd) 396
 For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,
 Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
 Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
 For him, whom heav'n has destin'd to destroy. 400
 Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
 Or in his friends' embraces died away!
 That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
 raise
 Historic marbles, to record his praise:

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone, 405
 Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!
 While pensive in this solitary den,
 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men, 410
 I linger life; nor to the court repair,
 But when the constant queen commands my care;
 Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
 And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow. 416
 By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
 By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
 For murder banish'd from his native home: 420
 He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
 A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
 Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
 O thou! whom age has taught to understand, 425
 And heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!
 On god, or mortal to obtrude a lie
 Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.

Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity. 430

And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick replied the wisest of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness ev'ry pow'r that rules the sky! 435
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But if he greets not thy desiring eye, 440
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, O guest! great laud and praise were
mine

(Replied the swain for spotless faith divine)
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd, 445
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood:
How would the gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite; 450
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvied, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
 The full-fed swine return'd with ev'ning home;
 Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties, 455
 With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
 Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best
 Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
 With him, let us the genial banquet share,
 For great and many are the griefs we bear; 460
 While those who from our labours heap their board,
 Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
 A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;
 This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full-fed, 465
 Of five years age, before the pile was led:
 The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
 Observant of the gods, begins the rite;
 First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
 And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry pow'r 470
 To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
 A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
 Down dropt he groaning, and the spirit fled.
 The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:
 Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;
 On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art, 476
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.

Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw;
 Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
 These while on several tables they dispose, 480
 As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
 Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
 In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
 One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
 Another to the winged son of May: 485
 The rural tribe in common share the rest,
 The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
 Who sat delighted at his servant's board;
 The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
 O be thou dear (Ulysses cried) to Jove, 490
 As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!

Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain replied)
 Enjoyment of the good the gods provide.
 From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
 These he decrees, and he but suffers those: 495
 All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
 The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
 This said, the first fruits to the gods he gave;
 Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
 In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl, 500
 He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.

The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,
 (Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,
 And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
 A servant added to his absent lord) 505
 His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
 And from the banquet take the bowls away.
 And now the rage of hunger was repress,
 And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
 The face of things; the winds began to roar; 511
 The driving storm the wat'ry west wind pours,
 And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.
 Studios of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
 Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
 In mere necessity of coat and cloak, 516
 With artful preface to his host he spoke:

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
 grace;

'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
 And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520
 Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
 The grave in merry measures frisk about,
 And many a long-repentèd word bring out.
 Since to be talkative I now commence,
 Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense. 525

Once I was strong (would heav'n restore those days),
 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
 Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
 And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
 mand);

A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530
 Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
 We made the osier-fringed bank our bed.
 Full soon th' inclemency of heav'n I feel,
 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel. 535
 Sharp blew the north; snow whit'ning all the fields
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our shields.
 There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
 Fool that I was! I left behind my own; 540
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light;
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid 545
 Fast by my side, and, shiv'ring, thus I said:
 Here longer in this field I cannot lie,
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,

And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind),
The only fool who left his cloak behind. 550

He thought, and answer'd: (hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;
That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right)
Hush thee, he cried, (soft-whisp'ring in my ear) 555
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
E'en now a vision stood before my eye, 560
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the gen'ral, and demand supplies.

Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down; 565
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant, in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne. 569

Were my strength as then, as then my age,
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours, and the offices of men:

Some master, or some servant would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now! 575

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive
swain),

Thy lips let fall no idle words or vain!
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside
Meet for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy cloaths again, 580
For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said, 586
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide,
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below, 590
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king, and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;
His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied: 596
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:

With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way, 600
Where screen'd from Boreas, high o'erarch'd they
 lay.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XIV.

We see in this book the character of a faithful, wise, benevolent old man in Eumæus; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between Ulysses and Eumæus has fallen into ridicule; Eumæus has been judged to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of kings; thus Paris watched the flocks of Priam in the groves of Ida, and the same is said of many of the heroes in the Iliad; these offices were places of dignity, and filled by persons of birth; and such was Eumæus, descended from a prince named Ctesius: thus the master of the horse is a post of honour in modern ages.

It is in poetry, as in painting; where the artist does not confine himself to draw only gods or heroes, palaces and princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in representing landscapes, rural scenes, groves, cottages, and shepherds tending their flocks.

There is a passage in Monsieur Boileau's reflections upon Longinus, which fully vindicates all the places of Homer that have been censured as low and too familiar. 'There is nothing (observes that author) that more disgraces a composition than the use of *vulgar words*. A mean thought expressed in noble terms is generally more taking than a noble thought debased by mean terms: the reason is, every person cannot judge of the justness and strength of a thought, but there are very few, especially in living languages, who are not shocked at mean words; and yet almost all writers fall into this fault. Longinus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all the Greek historians, of this defect; and Livy, Sallust, and Virgil, have fallen under the same imputation. Is it not then very surprising that no reproach upon this account has fallen upon Homer? especially, though he has com-

posed two large poems, and though no author has descended more frequently into the detail of little particularities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as Dionysius Halicarnassus observes, they become noble and harmonious. We may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern critics, who judge of the Greek without the knowledge of it; and having never read Homer but in low and inelegant translations, impute the meannesses of the translator to the poet. Besides, the words of different languages are not exactly correspondent, and it often happens, that an expression which is noble in the Greek cannot be rendered in a version but by words that are either mean in the sound or usage. Thus *ass*, and *asinus* in Latin, are mean to the last degree; though *ον* in the Greek be used in the most magnificent descriptions, and has nothing mean in it; in like manner the terms ‘hogherd’ and ‘cowkeeper,’ are not to be used in our poetry; but there are no finer words in the Greek language than *βοηλος* and *κυβωτης*; and Virgil, who entitles his Eclogues ‘Bucolics’ in the Roman tongue, would have been ashamed to call them in our language ‘the Dialogues of Cowkeepers.’

Homer himself convinces us of the truth of this observation; nay, one would imagine that he intended industriously to force it upon our notice; for he frequently calls Eumæus *Ορχαμεν ανδρων*, or ‘prince of men;’ and his common epithet *Διὸς υφορβος*. Homer would not have applied these appellations to him, if he had not been a person of dignity; it being the same title that he bestows upon his greatest heroes, Ulysses or Achilles.

V. 41. *Thus the faithful swain, &c.*] The words in the Greek are *Διὸς υφορβος*, literally rendered, ‘the divine swineherd,’ which are burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in Greek, if the person of Eumæus had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity: for the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such employments are now fallen into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would Homer have applied the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence

that Eumæus was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour; otherwise Homer would have been guilty of burlesquing his own poetry.

Dacier very well remarks, that the words Eumæus here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation, shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments; he discovers a natural and flowing eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.

There is a peculiarity in Homer's manner of apostrophizing Eumæus, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally applied by that poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the poet, as it were, addresses them with respect: thus in the Iliad he introduces Menelaus:

Οὐδὲ σεθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ βλαθούτο,
..... Τονδὲ προσεφίης Πάριος κλέ.

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the reader. Eustathius observes that Eumæus is the only person of whom Homer thus speaks in the whole Odyssey: no doubt (continues that author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of Ulysses; and to honour and distinguish his fidelity.

V. 66. *To slight the poor, or aught humane despise,
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.]*

This passage contains an admirable lecture of morality and humanity. The person who best understood the beauty of it, and best explained the precepts it comprehends, was Epictetus, from whom Monsieur Dacier furnishes us with this explication from Arrian: "Keep (says that author) continually in thy memory what Eumæus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses." "O friend, it is unlawful to despise the stranger; speak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour: it is my duty to use you with benevolence though your circumstances were meaner than they are; for you come from God." Here we see Epictetus borrowing his morality from Homer; and philosophy embellished with the ornaments of poetry. Indeed there is scarce any writer of name

among all the ancients that has not been obliged to Homer, whether moralists, poets, philosophers, or legislators.

V. 75. *To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had fate allow'd]*

This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated Homer: the words at first view seem to imply that Ulysses had given Eumæus a wife, a house, and an inheritance; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be rendered: 'Ulysses (says Eumæus) greatly loved me, and gave me a possession, and such things as an indulgent master gives a faithful servant; namely, a wife, inheritance, and an house.' These gifts are to be applied to *Ἀναξ εὐθυμοῦ*, and not to Ulysses; and the sentence means, that it is the custom of good kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from Homer, that Ulysses had not yet given a wife to Eumæus; for he promises him and Philætiüs all these rewards, lib. xxi. of the Odyssey:

*Ἀξομαι ἀμφότεροι ἀλοχὺς, καὶ κτημαῖ' ὀπάσσω,
Οἰκία τ' εἴγυς ἐμείοι τεύχεα, καὶ μοι ἐπέη
Τηλεμάχῳ ἐταρῶ τε, κασιγνήτῳ τε ἐσθλόν.*

It appears therefore that Eumæus was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be applied to the word *ἀναξ*, and not to Ulysses. EUSTATHIUS.

I will only add, that in the above-mentioned verses Ulysses promises that Eumæus shall be the companion and brother of Telemachus; an instance, that he was not a vulgar person whom Ulysses thus honours, by making him allied to the royal family.

V. 93. *With flour imbrown'd]* We find here a custom of antiquity: this flour was made of parched corn; when the ancients fed upon any thing that had not been offered in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hallowed barley, with which they consecrated their victims. I doubt not (since some honours were paid to the gods in all feasts) but that this sprinkling of flour by Eumæus was an act of religion. DACIER.

V. 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks, &c.]* I have already re-

marked, that Ulysses was a wealthy king, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred: for though Homer mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females was because of the luxury of the suitors. If this be allowed, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs; for Eumæus had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers: Ulysses likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of Homer, who tells us, that twenty of the greatest heroes of the age were not so wealthy as Ulysses.

V. 167. *That name for ever dread, &c.*] Eustathius excellently explains the sentiment of Eumæus, which is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call Ulysses, cries Eumæus, by the name of Ulysses, for from strangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my master, for as such he never was toward me; I will then call him brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother: Ἠθεός properly signifies an elder brother.

What I would further observe is, the wonderful art of Homer in exalting the character of his hero: he is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life: valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful king: by this conduct the poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the hero: he makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole Odyssey.

V. 186. *Ere the next moon increase, or this decoy.*] These verses have been thought to be used enigmatically by Ulysses.

Τὴ δ' αὐτὴ λυκαῖαν ἡμέραν εἰσεὶ εἰσὶν Ὀδυσσεύς,
τὴ μὲν φθινύει μηνί, τὴ δ' ἵσταμενοι.

In the former verse Eustathius tells us there is a various reading,

and judges that it ought to be written $\tau\epsilon \delta' \alpha\upsilon \tau\epsilon$, and not $\tau\epsilon \delta' \alpha\upsilon\tau\epsilon$; and it must be allowed that the repetition of $\tau\epsilon$ gives a greater emphasis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the speaker in making his asseveration.

The latter verse in the obvious sense seems to mean that Ulysses would return in the space of a month, and so Eumæus understood it; but in reality it means in the compass of a day. Solon was the first who discovered the latent sense of it, as Plutarch informs us: ‘Solon (says that author) observing the inequality of the months, and that the moon neither agreed with the rising or setting of the sun, but that often in the same day she overtook and went before it, named that same day *ἡ καὶ νέα*, ‘the old and new moon;’ and allotted that part of the day that preceded the conjunction, to the old moon, and the other part of it to the new; from hence we may judge that he was the first that comprehended the sense of this verse of Homer:

$\tau\epsilon \mu\epsilonν \phi\thetaιν\omicron\iota\varsigma \mu\iota\nu\omicron\varsigma, \tau\epsilon \delta' \iota\sigma\tau\alpha\mu\epsilon\nu\omicron\iota\omicron.$

Accordingly he named the following day ‘the day of the new moon.’ Ulysses then means that he will return on the last day of the month, for on that day the moon is both old and new; that is, she finishes one month, and begins another.’ This is taken from the life of Solon; but whether the obvious sense in which Eumæus is supposed to understand it, or the latent meaning of Solon be preferable, is submitted to the reader’s judgment; I confess I see no occasion to have recourse to that mysterious explication: what Ulysses intended was to certify Eumæus, that Ulysses would assuredly return very speedily; and the verse will have this effect, if it be understood literally and plainly: besides, Ulysses is to continue in an absolute disguise; why then should he endanger a discovery, by using an ambiguous sentence, which might possibly be understood? But if it was so dark that it was utterly unintelligible to Eumæus, then it is used in vain, and a needless ambiguity.

V. 229. Know then, I came
From sacred Crete]

This whole narration is a notable instance of that artful dissimu-

lation so remarkable in the character of Ulysses, and an evidence that Homer excellently sustains it through the whole poem; for Ulysses appears to be πολυτροπος, as he is represented in the first line, throughout the Odyssey. This narrative has been both praised and censured by the critics, especially by Rapin.

V. 234. *Sprung of a handmaid*] Ulysses says he was the son of a concubine: this was not a matter of disgrace among the ancients, concubinage being allowed by the laws.

The sons cast lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practice of the ancient Greeks. Hence an inheritance had the name κληρονομία, that is, from the lots; parents put it to the decision of the lot, to avoid the envy and imputation of partiality in the distribution of their estates. It has been judged that the poet writes according to the Athenian laws, at least this custom prevailed in the days of Solon; for he forbade parents who had several legitimate sons to make a will, but ordained that all the legitimate sons should have an equal share of their father's effects. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 259. *My soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour*]

Plutarch, in his comparison of Aristides and Cato, cites these verses,

. ἔρπον δὲ μοι ἡ φίλον εἶκεν.
Οὐδ' οἰκωφελὴν, &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domestic concerns, usually draw their subsistence from violence and rapine. This is certainly a truth: men are apt to supply their wants, occasioned by idleness, by plunder and injustice: but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by Ulysses, for in his age piracy was not only allowable, but glorious; and sudden inroads and incursions were practised by the greatest heroes. Homer therefore only intends to shew that the disposition of Ulysses inclined him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by war, than the more lucrative, but more secure, method of life, by agriculture and husbandry.

V. 363. *He voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill.]*

These oaks of Dodona were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the ancients: and pigeons were supposed to be the priestesses of the deity. Herodotus in Euterpe gives a full account of what belongs to this oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the priestesses of Dodonæ, that two black pigeons flew away from Thebes in Egypt, and one of them perching upon a tree in Dodona, admonished the inhabitants, with a human voice, to erect an oracle in that place to Jupiter. But Herodotus solves this fable after the following manner. 'There were two priestesses carried away from Egypt, and one of them was sold by the Phœnicians in Greece, where she in her servitude consecrated an altar to Jupiter under an oak; the Dodonæans gave her the name of a pigeon, because she was a barbarian, and her speech at first no more understood than the chattering of a bird or pigeon; but as soon as she had learned the Greek tongue, it was presently reported that the pigeon spoke with an human voice. She had the epithet black, because she was an Egyptian.'

Eustathius informs us, that Dodona was anciently a city of Thesprotia; and in process of time the limits of it being changed, it became of the country of the Molossians, that is, it lay between Thessaly and Epirus. Near this city was a mountain named Tmarus or Timourus: on this mountain there stood a temple, and within the precincts of it were these oraculous oaks of Jupiter: this was the most ancient temple of Greece, according to Herodotus, founded by the Pelasgians, and at first served by priests called Selli; and the goddess Dione being joined with Jupiter in the worship, the service was performed by three aged priestesses, called in the Molossian tongue *ωελαιαι*, as old men were called *ωελαιοι* (perhaps from the corrupted word *ωπλαιοι*, or ancients), and the same word *ωελαιαι* signifying also pigeons, gave occasion to the fable of the temple of Dodona having doves for priestesses. But if, as Herodotus affirms, the Phœnicians sold this priestess of Jupiter originally to the Greeks, it is proba-

ble they were called doves, after the Phœnician language, in which the same word, with a small alteration, signifies both a dove and a priestess. See note on ver. 75 of the twelfth Odyssey.

Eustathius gives us another solution of this difficulty, and tells us, that as there were *κορακομανῆεις*, or augurs, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon doves; and from hence these doves were called the prophetesses of Dodona, that being the way by which the decrees of the gods were discovered by the augurs.

I have remarked, that the temple of Dodona stood upon the mountain Timourus; hence the word *τιμυραι* came to signify those oracles, and thus *τιμυρῶν* is used by Lycophron. Now Homer in another place writes,

Εἰ γὰρ μὲν αἰνέσσοι Διὸς μέγαλοιο θεμιστῆς.

Strabo therefore, instead of *θεμιστῆς*, reads *τιμυραι*; for, observes that author, the oracles, not the laws of Jupiter, are preserved at Dodona. EUSTATHIUS.

But whence arose the fable of these oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: they concealed themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks.

I refer the reader, for a larger account of these Dodonæan oracles, to the annotations upon book xvi. verse 285, of the Iliad.

V. 407. *Now snatch'd by harpies*] This place seems to evince, that the expression of being torn by the harpies, means that the dead person is deprived of the rites of sepulture; and not, as Dacier understands it, that he is disappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of Eumæus turns upon this point, namely, that Ulysses is dead, and deprived of the funeral ceremonies.

V. 411. *Nor to the court repair,
But when the queen*]

It may appear, at first view, as if Eumæus thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities; but this is not his meaning: he speaks thus to prevent Ulysses from asking him to introduce him immediately to Penelope; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the Ætolian, who had deceived him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of Ulysses.

It is remarkable, that almost all these fictions are made by Cretans, or have some relation to the island of the Cretans; thus Ulysses feigns himself to be of Crete, and this Ætolian lays the scene of his falsehood in the same island; which, as Eustathius observes, may possibly be a latent satire upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by St. Paul from Epimenides.

V. 469. *First shears the forehead of the bristly boar.*] I have already observed, that every meal among the ancients was a kind of sacrifice of thanksgiving to the gods; and the table, as it were, an altar.

This sacrifice being different from any other in Homer, I will fully describe the particulars of it from Eustathius. It is a rural sacrifice; we have before seen sacrifices in camps, in courts, and in cities, in the Iliad; but this is the only one of this nature in all Homer.

They cut off the hair of the victim, in commemoration of the original way of clothing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts.

Eumæus strows flour upon it; in remembrance, that before incense was in use, this was the ancient manner of offering to the gods, or, as Dacier observes, of consecrating the victim, instead of the barley mixed with salt, which had the name of immolation.

Eumæus cut a piece from every part of the victim; by this he made it an holocaust, or an entire sacrifice.

Eumæus divides the rest at supper; which was always the office of the most honourable person; and thus we see Achilles and other heroes employed throughout the Iliad. He portions it into seven parts; one he allots to Mercury and the Nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, Ulysses, and his four servants. He gives the chine to Ulysses, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus Ajax after a victory over Hector, is rewarded in the same manner:

Νῆρτοισι δ' Ἀϊαντὶ διδυμενεσσὶ γέρας
Ἀτρεΐδης.

V. 484. *One sacred to the Nymphs*

Another to the winged son of May.]

It may be asked why Eumæus allots part of the victim to Mercury and the Nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole Iliad and Odyssey? This is done in compliance to the place and person of Eumæus, whose employment lies in the country, and who has the care of the herds of Ulysses; he therefore offers to the nymphs, as they are the presidents of the fountains, rivers, groves, and furnish sustenance and food for cattle: and Mercury was held by the ancients to be the patron of shepherds. Thus Simonides,

Θύειν Νυμφαῖς καὶ Μαῖαδ' ὅτι τόκος
Οὗτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἶμα ἔχουσι ποιμαίνων.

Eustathius adds (from whom this is taken), that Mercury was a lucrative god, and therefore Eumæus sacrifices to him for increase of his herds: or because he was *δολίος ἑρμης*, and, like Ulysses, master of all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, and then Eumæus may be understood to offer to him for the safety of Ulysses, that he might furnish him with artifice to bring him in security to his country; and we see this agrees with his prayer.

What Dacier adds is yet more to the purpose. Eumæus joins Mercury with the nymphs because he was the patron of flocks, and the ancients generally placed the figure of a ram at the base of his images; sometimes he is represented carrying a ram upon his arms, sometimes upon his shoulders: in short, it suffices

that he was esteemed a rural deity, to make the sacrifice proper to be offered to him by a person whose occupation lay in the country.

V. 504. *And led from Taphos*] This custom of purchasing slaves prevailed over all the world, as appears not only from many places of Homer, but of the Holy Scripture, in which mention is made of slaves bought with money. The Taphians lived in a small island adjacent to Ithaca; Mentès was king of it, as appears from the first of the Odyssey: they were generally pirates, and are supposed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the Phœnician tongue (as Bochart observes) signifies rapine; ‘Hataph,’ and by contraction ‘Taph,’ bearing that signification.

Frequent use has been made of Phœnician interpretations through the course of these notes, and perhaps it may be judged necessary to say something why they may be supposed to give names to countries and persons, more than any other nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of letters, Lucan, lib. iii.

‘Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram iudibus vocem signare figuris.’

And were the greatest navigators in the world. Dionysius says they were the first,

Οἱ πρῶτον νηεσσὶ ἐπειρήσαντο θαλάσσης,
Πρῶτοι δ’ ἐμπορίας ἀλιδανῶς ἐμνησαίβο.

‘The first who used navigation, the first who trafficked by the ocean.’ If we put these two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were called by Phœnician names: for they being the first navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of islands, countries, and cities, to which they would be obliged to give names when they described them. And nothing is so probable, as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the nature of the several countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the present instance, the Taphians being remarkable pirates (as appears from Homer,

..... Ταφιοὶ ληιστορεὶς ἀνδρες
..... ληιστηρῶν ἐπισπομένη Ταφιοῖσι)

the Phoenicians, who first discovered this island, called it 'Taph,' the Island of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the people. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that Homer was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the Phoenicians; for he speaks frequently of that people through the course of the *Odyssey*.

V. 540. *I left behind my cloak, &c.*] To understand this passage, we must remember, that in those eastern regions, after very hot days an extreme cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season. If it had been winter, no doubt Ulysses would have armed himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduced to such an extremity.

There is one incident in this story that seems extraordinary; Ulysses and Menelaus are said to form an ambush under the very walls of Troy, and yet are described to be sleeping while they thus form it. The words are, *ευδον ευηκλοι*. *Ευδον* does not necessarily signify to be asleep, as is already proved from the conclusion of the first *Iliad*: but here it must have that import; for Ulysses tells his companions, that he has had an extraordinary dream. Besides, even a tendency towards sleep should be avoided by soldiers in an ambuscade, especially by the leaders of it. The only answer that occurs to me is, that perhaps they had centinels waking while they slept; but even this would be unsoldierlike in our age.

V. 580. *But in the morning take thy clothes again.*] This is not spoken in vain; it was necessary for Ulysses to appear in the form of a beggar, to prevent discovery.

The word in the Greek is *διπαλιξαις*, which it is impossible to translate without a circumlocution. It paints (observes Eustathius) exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: *διπαλιξαις* is *ταις παλαμαις διησεις*, or *διησεις*, and expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his clothes.

V. 581. *For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain.*] It is not at first view evident why Ulysses requests a change of raiment from Eumæus, for a better dress would only have exposed him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the injunctions of the goddess of wisdom, who had not only disguised him in the habit of a beggar, but changed his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before Eumæus; he has already told him that he was once a person of dignity, though now reduced to poverty by calamities: and, consequently, a person who had once known better fortunes would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself; therefore he asks a better dress, that Eumæus may believe his former story.

What Eumæus speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious vain Phæacians, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious Ithacan, Eumæus.

I wonder this last part of the relation of Ulysses has escaped the censure of the critics: the circumstance of getting the cloak of Thoas in the cold night, though it shews the artifice of Ulysses essential to his character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the majesty of epic poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of such a nature as to raise a smile, rather than admiration; and Virgil has utterly rejected such levities. Perhaps it may be thought that Ulysses adapts himself to Eumæus, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleasantry; yet this does not solve the objection, for Eumæus is not a person of a low character: no one in the Odyssey speaks with better sense, or better morality. One would almost imagine that Homer was sensible of the weakness of this story, he introduces it so artfully. He tells us in a short preface, that wine unbends the most serious and wise person, and makes him laugh, dance, and speak, without his usual caution: and then he proceeds to the fable of his ambush before Troy. But no introduction can

reconcile it to those who think such comic relations should not at all be introduced into epic poetry.

V. 594. *Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care.*] A French critic has been very severe upon this conduct of Eumæus. 'The divine hogherd,' says he 'having given the divine Ulysses his supper, sends him to sleep with his hogs, that had white teeth.' When critics find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an author but what the author really speaks, otherwise it is not criticism, but calumny and ignorance. Monsieur Perault is here guilty of both, for Ulysses sleeps in the house of Eumæus, and Eumæus retires to take care of his charge, not to sleep, but to watch with them.

This and the preceding book take up no more than the space of one day. Ulysses lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with Minerva how to bring about his restoration. About noon he comes to Eumæus, for immediately after his arrival they dine: they pass the afternoon and evening in conference: so that thirty-five days are exactly completed since the beginning of the Odyssey.

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

THE goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos: where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the sooth-sayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast; and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.



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BOOK XV.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns.
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid :
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies ;
Not thine, Ulysses ! Care unseal'd his eyes :
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast. 10
When, O Telemachus ! (the goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd :
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam, 15
E'en now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides ; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore :
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands. 20

Through both, Eurymachus pursues the dame;
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
 Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain.
 Thou know'st the practice of the female train;
 Lost in the children of the present spouse, 25
 They slight the pledges of their former vows:
 Their love is always with the lover past;
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
 Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride. 30
 But now thy more attentive ears incline;
 Observe the warnings of a pow'r divine:
 For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
 In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca:
 To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band, 35
 Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
 No—sooner far their riot and their lust
 All cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust!
 Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
 Nor let the night retard thy full career; 40
 Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales
 To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
 And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
 Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;

But seek thou first the master of the swine, 45
 (For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)
 There pass the night: while he his course pursues
 To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
 That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand
 Art come to bless her in thy native land. 50

Thus spoke the goddess; and resum'd her flight
 To the pure regions of eternal light.

Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
 And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes:

Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare, 55
 And join the harness'd coursers to the car.

What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
 To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
 Here wait we rather, till approaching day
 Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
 Nor think of flight before the Spartan king 61
 Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
 Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,
 The sacred act of friendship shall record.

Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
 east, 65

The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
 As soon as his approach the hero knew,
 The splendid mantle round him first he threw,

Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke: 70

Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire so strong thy bosom glows, 75
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn. 80
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take 85
The noblest presents that our love can make:
Meantime commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare:
The trav'ler rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way. 90
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Thro' spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,

Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
 Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
 No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove 95
 Without some pledge, some monument of love:
 These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
 From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
 Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, re-
 plied: 100

O monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride!
 No friend in Ithaca my place supplies;
 No pow'rful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
 My stores expos'd, and fenceless house, demand
 The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
 Lest in a search too anxious and too vain 106
 Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

His purpose when the gen'rous warrior heard,
 He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
 Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
 Was Boethœdes Eteonus come; 111
 Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
 And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
 Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went
 Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.

The king selected from the glitt'ring rows 116

A bowl: the prince a silver beaker chose.

The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes

Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,

And chose the largest; with no vulgar art 120

Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part:

Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,

Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.

Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,

And thus the king Ulysses' heir addrest: 125

Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring Jove

With happiest omens thy desires approve!

This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine

Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine:

To me this present, of Vulcanian frame, 130

From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;

To thee we now consign the precious load,

The pride of kings, and labour of a god.

Then gave the cup; while Megapenthes brought

The silver vase with living sculpture wrought. 135

The beauteous queen advancing next, display'd

The shining veil, and thus endearing said:

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,

Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:

Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay, 140
 To deck thy bride and grace thy nuptial day.
 Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain
 Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil:—with grateful look
 The prince the variegated present took. 145
 And now, when thro' the royal dome they pass'd,
 High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
 A golden ew'r th' attendant damsel brings,
 Replete with water from the crystal springs;
 With copious streams the shining vase supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size. 151
 They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
 The glitt'ring canisters are crown'd with bread;
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
 Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast! 155
 While Eteoneus portions out the shares,
 Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
 And now (each sated with the genial feast,
 And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
 Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend, 160
 The horses join, the polish'd car ascend:
 Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
 And the wide portal echoes to the sound.

The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the pow'rs divine) 165

His right hand held: before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with pray'rs, he utters these commands:

Farewell and prosper, youths!—let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care, 170
Through the long dangers of the ten years' war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy gen'rous mind.

And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents shew, thy words repeat: 175
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise?
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise?

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove; auspicious sight!

A milk-white fowl his clenching talons bore, 180
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.

Peasants in vain with threat'ning cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew

Full dexter to the car: the prosp'rous sight

Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight. 185

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,

And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke:

Say if to us the gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?

Whilst yet the monarch paus'd, with doubts
oppress'd, 190

The beauteous queen reliev'd his lab'ring breast.

Hear me, she cried, to whom the gods have giv'n
To read this sign, and mystic sense of heav'n.

As thus the plummy sov'reign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care, 195

And wander'd through the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come) 200

From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thund'ring Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze. 205

He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.

To Diocleus, at Pheræ, they repair, 210

Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;

With him all night the youthful strangers staid,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpaid.

But soon as morning, from her orient bed, 214
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came: when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:

Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest, 220
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain; 226
I dread his proffer'd kindness, urg'd in vain.

The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.
At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand, 230
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord;
With speed be gone (said he), call ev'ry mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate. 235

'Tis true, the fervor of his gen'rous heart
 Brooks no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart;
 Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
 In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
 But when arriv'd he thy return shall know, 240
 How will his breast with honest fury glow?
 This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
 And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.

Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
 Hoist ev'ry sail, and ev'ry oar prepare. 245
 Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
 And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores
 Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
 When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore, 250
 New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore:
 A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
 Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
 Till urg'd by wrongs a foreign realm he chose,
 Far from the hateful cause of all his woes. 255
 Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
 As long, he groan'd in Phylacus's chains:
 Meantime, what anguish and what rage combin'd,
 For lovely Pero rack'd his lab'ring mind!

Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
 To Pylos drove the lowing herds along: 261
 Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair
 To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air:
 Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
 There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
 From him Antiphates and Mantius came: 266
 The first begot Oïclus great in fame,
 And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
 The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
 Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies, 270
 Yet shor't his date of life! by female pride he dies.
 From Mantius, Clitus; whom Aurora's love
 Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
 And Polyphides; on whom Phœbus shone
 With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone; 275
 In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
 And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
 From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
 (The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
 Telemachus: whom, as to heav'n he prest, 280
 His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest:
 O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
 With pure libations, and with solemn pray'r;

By that dread pow'r to whom thy vows are paid;
 By all the lives of these; thy own dear head; 285
 Declare, sincerely, to no foe's demand,
 Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
 A tale from falsehood-free, not free from woe.
 From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came, 290
 And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
 Was once my sire: though now for ever lost
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 Whose fate inquiring, through the world we rove;
 The last, the wretched proof of filial love. 295

The stranger then: Nor shall I aught conceal,
 But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
 Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
 Whose pow'rful friends the luckless deed pursue
 With unrelenting rage, and force from home 300
 The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
 But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;

Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
 Affianc'd in our faith: henceforth our guest. 305
 Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
 Takes from the stranger's hand the glitt'ring spear: .

He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
 And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
 The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band 310
 With due observance wait the chief's command:
 With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
 The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
 Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
 With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea. 315
 Crunus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
 When thick'ning darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
 The silver Phæa's glitt'ring rills they lost,
 And skim'm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
 Then cautious thro' the rocky reaches wind, 320
 And turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
 Sat in the cottage, at their rural feast:
 The banquet past, and satiate ev'ry man,
 To try his host Ulysses thus began: 325

Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your
 guest;

The last I purpose in your walls to rest:
 To-morrow for myself I must provide,
 And only ask your counsel, and a guide;
 Patient to roam the street, by hunger led, 330
 And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.

There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
 Ulysses' wand'rings to his royal mate;
 Or mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
 Not undeserving, some support obtain. 335

Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
 Patron of industry, and manual arts:
 Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,
 The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
 To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame; 340
 Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
 Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
 Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
 How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?
 If on that godless race thou wouldst attend, 346
 Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!

Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
 And pull descending vengeance from on high:
 Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;
 A blooming train in rich embroid'ry drest. 351
 With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends;
 And smiling round celestial youth attends.
 Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;
 Sweet is thy converse to each social ear; 355

Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
 Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
 With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
 And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.

To him the man of woes:—O gracious Jove!
 Reward this stranger's hospitable love, 361
 Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
 Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
 Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
 A life of wand'rings is the greatest woe: 365
 On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
 And pine and penury, a meagre train.
 To such a man since harbour you afford,
 Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
 What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
 And sire, forsaken on the verge of age; 371
 Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
 Or range the house of darkness and of death?

To whom the swain: Attend what you inquire:
 Laertes lives, the miserable sire;— 375
 Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
 The burden down, and wishes for the day.
 Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
 Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,

Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away 380
 Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
 She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
 Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
 (So dire a fate, ye righteous gods! avert,
 From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart!) 385
 While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,
 Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
 With Climene, her youngest daughter, bred,
 One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
 But when the softly stealing pace of time 390
 Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
 To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair,
 Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
 Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
 Nor less the darling object of her love. 395
 Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
 Yet Providence deserts me not at last;
 My present labours food and drink procure,
 And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
 Small is the comfort from the queen to hear 400
 Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
 Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
 Nor dare to question where the proud command.

No profit springs beneath usurping pow'rs:
 Want feeds not there where luxury devours; 405
 Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
 Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suff'ring chief at this began to melt:—
 And, oh Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt
 The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand 410
 Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
 Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
 To early wants! a man of miseries!
 Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare:
 Sunk the fair city by the rage of war, 415
 Where ~~once~~ thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
 In humble life, the lowing herds and sheep?
 So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
 Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main?
 Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
 The worthy purchase of a foreign lord. 421

If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
 A story, fruitful of events, attend:
 Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy;
 And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ. 425
 Long nights the now declining year bestows:
 A part we consecrate to soft repose;

A part in pleasing talk we entertain,
 For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
 Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey, 430
 Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
 Here let us feast;—and to the feast be join'd
 Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;—
 Review the series of our lives, and taste
 The melancholy joy of evils past: 435
 For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
 And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
 Far hence remote, and Syria is the name;
 (There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
 The sun's diurnal, and his annual race) 441
 Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass to keep
 The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.
 Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
 And her rich valleys wave with golden corn. 445
 No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
 Nor sink by sickness to the shades below:
 But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
 Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along;
 They bend the silver bow with tender skill, 450
 And void of pain the silent arrows kill.

Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
 Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
 But both in constant peace one prince obey,
 And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway. 455
 Freight^{ed}, it seems, with toys of ev'ry sort,
 A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
 What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.
 This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train,
 To wash her robes descending to the main, 461
 A smooth-tongu'd sailor won her to his mind;
 (For love deceives the best of woman-kind)
 A suddēⁿ trust from sudden liking grew;
 She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
 I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came, 466
 My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
 But snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
 The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.

Haste then (the false designing youth replied)
 Haste to thy country: love shall be thy guide: 471
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast;
 For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.

Swear first (she cried) ye sailors! to restore
 A wretch in safety to her native shore. 475
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.

She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
 Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
 Nor near me any of your crew descry'd
 By road frequented, or by fountain side. 480
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)
 Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past, 485
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
 And more, the infant offspring of the king.
 Him, child-like wand'ring forth, I'll lead away,
 (A noble prize!) and to your ship convey. 490

Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the
 road.

A year they traffick, and their vessel load.
 Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
 A spy was sent their summons to convey:
 An artist to my father's palace came, 495
 With gold and amber chains, elab'rate frame:
 Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ;
 They turn, review, and cheapen ev'ry toy.
 He took th' occasion as they stood intent,
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went. 500

She straight pursu'd, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.

Three golden goblets in the porch she found;
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd)
Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore. 505

Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore:

Arriving then, where tilting on the tides

Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides,

Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep
With level oar along the glassy deep. 510

Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,

And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.

The seventh, the fraudulent wretch (no cause de-
scried)

Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow died. 514

Down dropt the caitiff-corps, a worthless load,

Down to the deep; there roll'd the future food

Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.

An helpless infant, I remain'd behind:

Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;

Sold to Laertes, by divine command, 520

And now adopted to a foreign land.

To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares:

But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
 Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill : 525
 Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
 The gods have, in a master, giv'n a friend.
 Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
 (For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
 While I, so many wand'rings past and woes, 530
 Live but on what thy poverty bestows.

So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
 The night: then down to short repose they lay;
 Till radiant rose the messenger of day.
 While in the port of Ithaca, the band 535
 Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
 Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
 Then, on the breezy shore descending, join
 In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine. 540
 When thus the prince: Now each his course pursue;

I to the fields, and to the city you.
 Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
 My swains to visit, and the works survey.
 Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies 545
 Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.

Then Theoclymenus: But who shall lend,
 Meantime, protection to thy stranger-friend?
 Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly;
 Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply? 550

The prince return'd:—Renown'd in days of yore
 Has stood our father's hospitable door;
 No other roof a stranger should receive,
 Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.
 But in my absence riot fills the place: 555
 Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
 From noiseful revel far remote she flies;
 But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
 No:—Let Eurymachus receive my guest;
 Of nature courteous, and by far the best; 560
 He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,
 And emulates her former husband's fame.
 With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
 And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up soar'd in air
 The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger; 566
 His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove:
 The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
 Between the hero and the vessel pour 569
 Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine show'r.

Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
 Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
 Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
 Rose ominous, nor flies without a god!—
 No race but thine shall Ithaca obey: 575
 To thine, for ages, heav'n decrees the sway.
 Succeed the omen, gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
 Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind;
 And soon each envied happiness attend
 The man who calls Telemachus his friend. 580
 Then to Peiræus: Thou whom time has prov'd
 A faithful servant, by thy prince lov'd!
 Till we returning shall our guest demand,
 Accept this charge, with honour, ~~at~~ our hand.

To them Peiræus: Joyful I obey; 585
 Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.
 The presence of thy guest shall best reward
 (If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.

With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
 Mount the tall bark and launch into the sea. 590
 All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
 And plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
 Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;
 Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin shakes.

They part; while less'ning from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew: 396
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XV.

NEITHER this book, nor indeed some of the following, are to be reckoned among the most shining parts of the *Odyssey*. They are narrative, and generally low; yet natural, and just enough, considering Homer was resolved to describe and follow low life so very minutely. This great poet here resembles an evening sun; he has not the same heat or brightness; there are several little clouds about him, though in some places gilded and adorned: however, to make us amends, he breaks out again before the conclusion of his course, and sets at last in glory.

There is no doubt, but all the parts of a poem are not capable of equal lustre; nay, they ought not to dazzle us alike, or tire us by a perpetual strain upon the imagination. But in these cooler relations, a translator has a hard task: he is expected to *shine*, where the author is *not bright*: and the unreasonable critic demands a copy more noble than the original. It is true, these are the passages of which he ought to take particular care, and to set them off to the best advantage: but however he may polish a vulgar stone, it will still retain its inherent degree of cloudiness.

The story now turns to Telemachus, and the poet briefly describes his voyage to his country: there is a necessity to be concise; for the hero of an epic poem is never to be out of sight, after his introduction. The little time that Homer employs in the return of Telemachus is not spent unusefully by Ulysses; during this interval, he learns the state of his public and domestic affairs from Eumæus, and prepares the way for the destruction of the suitors, the chief design of the whole *Odyssey*. There is another reason why the poet ought not to dwell at large upon the story of Telemachus: he bears but an incidental relation to the *Odyssey*; and consequently Homer was necessitated to pass

over his actions with brevity, that he might describe the hero of his poem at full length. It has been objected, that no mention has been made of any action at all of Telemachus during his whole stay with Menelaus, and that he lies there idly, without making his voyage contribute any thing to the restitution of Ulysses: but from the former observation it is evident, that this silence in the poet proceeds from judgment. Nothing is to be inserted in an epic poem but what has some affinity with the main design of it: but what affinity could the actions of Telemachus in the Spartan court have with those of Ulysses? This would have been to make two heroes in one poem, and would have broken the unity of the action: whereas by the contrary conduct Homer unites the two stories, and makes the voyage of Telemachus subservient to the chief action; namely, the restitution of Ulysses. Telemachus undertakes a voyage to make inquiry after Ulysses: this the poet fully describes, because it has an immediate relation to Ulysses; but passes over all other adventures during the absence of Telemachus, because they have no relation to the design.

I know it has been objected, that the whole story of Telemachus is foreign to the Odyssey, and that the four first books have not a sufficient connexion with the rest of the poem, and therefore that there is a double action: but this objection will cease, if it be made appear, that this voyage contributes to the restoration of Ulysses; for whatever incident has such an effect, is united to the subject and essential to it. Now that this voyage has such an effect is very evident; the suitors were ready to seize the throne of Ulysses, and compel his wife to marry; but by this voyage Telemachus breaks their whole designs. Instead of usurping the throne, they are obliged to defend themselves: they defer their purpose, and waste much time in endeavouring to intercept him in his return. By this method leisure is gained from the violence and addresses of the suitors, till Ulysses returns and brings about his own re-establishment. This voyage therefore is the secret source from which all the happiness of Ulysses flows: for had not Telemachus sailed to Pyle, Penelope must have been compelled to marry, and the throne of Ulysses usurped.

I have been more large upon this objection, because many foreign critics lay great weight upon it. See note on v. 110 of the first book.

There has lately been a great dispute amongst the French, concerning the length of the stay of Telemachus from his country. The debate is not very material, nor is it very difficult to settle that point. Telemachus sailed from Ithaca in the evening of the second day, and returns to it on the thirty-eighth in the morning, so that he is absent thirty-five days complete.

V. 1. *Now had Minerva, &c.*] If this had been related by an historian, he would have only said that Telemachus judged it necessary for his affairs to sail back to his own country; but a poet steps out of the common beaten road, ascribes the wisdom of that hero to the goddess of it, and introduces her in person, to give a dignity to his poetry.

The reader may consult in general the extracts from Bossu (placed before the *Odyssey*) concerning machines, or the interposition of deities in epic poetry. I will here beg leave to set them in a different and more particular light.

It has been imagined that a deity is never to be introduced but when all human means are ineffectual: if this were true, Minerva would be in vain employed in bringing Telemachus back, when a common messenger might have answered that purpose as well as the goddess. I doubt not but the verse of Horace has led many into this error;

“Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.”

This rule is to be applied only to the theatre, of which Horace there speaks, and means no more, than when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then let a god descend and clear the intricacy to the auditors. But, as Mr. Dryden observes, it has no relation to epic poetry.

It is true, that a deity is never to be introduced upon little and unworthy occasions; the very design of machines is to add weight and dignity to the story, and consequently an unworthy employment defeats the very intent of them, and debases the deities by making them act in offices unworthy of the characters of di-

vine personages: but then it is as true, that a poet is at liberty to use them for ornament as well as necessity. For instance, both Virgil and Homer in their descriptions of storms introduce deities, Neptune and Æolus, only to fill our minds with grandeur and terror; for in reality a storm might have happened without a miracle, and Æneas and Ulysses both have been driven upon unknown shores, by a common storm as well as by the immediate interposition of Neptune or Æolus. But machines have a very happy effect; the poet seems to converse with gods, gives signs of a divine transport, and distinguishes his poem in all parts from an history.

V. 5. *Beneath the royal portico, &c.*] Minerva here finds Telemachus in bed: it is necessary to remember that Ulysses landed in Ithaca in the morning of the thirty-fifth day; and when Minerva left him, she went to the Spartan court to Telemachus; this vision therefore appears to that hero in the night following the thirty-fifth day. On the thirty-sixth he departs from Menelaus, and lodges that night with Diocles; on the thirty-seventh he embarks towards the evening, sails all night, and lands on the thirty-eighth in the morning in his own country. From this observation it is likewise evident, that Ulysses passes two days in discourse with Eumæus, though the poet only distinguishes the time by the voyage of Telemachus: for the preceding book concludes with the thirty-fifth day, and Telemachus spends the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh and the following night in his return, and meets Ulysses in the morning of the thirty-eighth day. This remark is necessary to avoid confusion, and to make the two stories of Ulysses and Telemachus coincide, in this and the next book of the Odyssey.

V. 109. *He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.*] It is in the original, 'He commanded Helen and her maids' to do it. The moderns have blamed Menelaus for want of delicacy in commanding his queen to perform such household offices. I read such passages with pleasure, because they are exact pictures of ancient life: we may as well condemn the first inhabitants of the world for want of politeness, in living in tents and bowers, and not in palaces. This command of Menelaus agrees with

those manners, and with the patriarchal life. Gen. xviii. 6. 'Abraham hastened into his tent, and said unto Sarah his wife, make ready quickly three measures of fine meal: knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.'

I doubt not but the continual descriptions of entertainments have likewise given offence to many; but we may be in some degree reconciled to them, if we consider they are not only instances of the hospitality of the ancients, but of their piety and religion: every meal was a religious act, a sacrifice, or a feast of thanksgiving; libations of wine, and offerings of part of the flesh, were constantly made at every entertainment. This gives a dignity to the description: and when we read it, we are not to consider it as an act merely of eating or drinking, but as an office of worship to the gods.

This is a note of the critics; but perhaps the same thing might as well be said of our modern entertainments, wherever the good practice of saying *grace* before and after meat is not yet laid aside.

V. 123. *Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.* If this passage were translated literally, it would stand thus, 'Helen chose a vesture of most beautiful embroidery, and of the largest extent, a vesture that lay beneath the rest.' We are to understand by the last circumstance, that this vesture was the choicest of her wardrobe, it being repositied with the greatest care, or *μετα τος άλλων*. The verses are taken from lib. vi. of the Iliad. This robe was the work of Helen's own hands; an instance that in those days a great lady, or a great beauty, might be a good workwoman: and she here seems to take particular care to obviate an opinion one might otherwise have, that she did not apply herself to those works till her best days were past.

V. 174. *And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet! &c.]* It is not impossible but a false reading may have crept into the text in this verse. In the present edition it stands thus, *αι γαρ εγαν ως*.

Νοστησας, Ιθακην δε κειν, Οδυσει ενι οικω
Ειποιμ'

The sense will be less intricate, and the construction more

easy, if instead of *κίων* we insert *κίχων*, and read the line thus pointed:

Νοστήσας Ἰθάκην δέ, κίχων Οδυσσεὶ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
Ἐπιείμ'.

Then the verse will have this import, 'O may I, upon my return to Ithaca, finding Ulysses in his palace, give him an account of their friendship!' whereas in the common editions there is a tautology, and either *κίων* or *νοστήσας* must be allowed to be a superfluity.

V. 192. *Hear me, she cry'd, &c.*] It is not clear why the poet ascribes a greater quickness and penetration to Helen in the solution of this prodigy, than to Menelaus. Is it, as Eustathius asserts, from a superior acuteness of nature and presence of mind in the fair sex? I would willingly believe that Helen might happen to stand in such a position, as to be able to make more minute observation upon the flight of the eagle, than Menelaus; and being more circumstantial in the observation, she might for that reason be more ready and circumstantial in the interpretation. But Homer himself tells us, that she received it from the gods. This is a pious lesson; to teach us in general, that all knowledge is the gift of God: and perhaps here particularly inserted, to raise the character of Helen, and make us less surprised to see her forgiven by Menelaus, when she is not only pardoned, but favoured thus with inspiration. And indeed it was necessary to reconcile us to this fatal beauty; at whom the reader is naturally enough offended: she is an actress in many of the scenes of the Odyssey, and consequently to be redeemed from contempt: this is done by degrees; the poet steals away the adulteress from our view, to set before us the amiable penitent.

V. 194. *As thus the plummy sov'reign, &c.*] Ulysses is the eagle, the bird represents the suitors: the cries of the men and women when the eagle seized his prey, denote the lamentations of the relations of the suitors, who are slain by Ulysses. The circumstance of the flight of the eagle close to the horses, is added to shew that the prodigy had a fixed and certain reference to a person present; namely Telemachus: the eagle comes suddenly

from a mountain; this means that Ulysses shall unexpectedly arrive from the country to the suitors's destruction. The fowl is said to be fed by the family; this is a full designation of the suitors, who feed upon Ulysses, and prey upon his family. And as this bird is killed by the talons of the eagle, so the suitors fall by the spear of Ulysses. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 226. *Too long thy father would his friend detain.*] This has been objected against, as contrary to the promise of Telemachus, who assured Menelaus that he would 'acquaint Nestor with his great friendship and hospitality:' is he therefore not guilty of falsehood, by embarking immediately without fulfilling his promise? Eustathius answers, that the prodigy of the eagle occasions this alteration; and that the not fulfilling his promise is to be ascribed to accident and necessity. But the words of Telemachus sufficiently justify his veracity: they are of the plural number, *καταλεξομεν*, 'I and Pisistratus will inform Nestor of your hospitality.' This promise he leaves to be performed by Pisistratus, who returns directly to Nestor. Others blame Telemachus as unpolite, in leaving Nestor without any acknowledgment for his civilities. Dacier has recourse to the command of Minerva, and to the prodigy of the eagle, for his vindication: he is commanded by the gods to return immediately; and therefore not blameable for complying with their injunctions. But perhaps it is a better reason to say, that the nature of the poem requires such a conduct; the action of the Odyssey stands still till the return of Telemachus (whatever happens to him in Pyle being foreign to it), and therefore Homer shews his judgment, in precipitating the actions of Telemachus, rather than trifling away the time, while the story sleeps, only to shew a piece of complaisance and ceremony.

V. 252. *From great Metampus sprung.*] There is some obscurity in thisⁿ genealogical history. See lib. xi. ver. 350, &c. and the annotations.

V. 270. *Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.*]

The poet means Eriphyle, who, being bribed with a golden bracelet

by Polynices, persuaded her husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, where he lost his life.—This is a remarkable passage: ‘Though he was loved by Jupiter and Apollo, yet he reached not to old age.’ Is a short life the greatest instance of the love of the gods? Plato quotes the verse to this purpose: ‘The life of man is so loaded with calamity, that it is an instance of the favour of heaven to take the burden from us with speed.’ The same author in *Axiochus* (if that dialogue be his) asserts, that the gods, having a perfect insight into human affairs, take speedily to themselves those whom they love. Thus when Trophonius and Agamedes had built a temple to Apollo, they prayed to receive a blessing the most beneficial to mankind: the god granted their prayers, and they were both found dead the next morning. Thus likewise, the priestess of Juno, when her two sons had yoked themselves to her chariot, and drawn her for the greater expedition to the temple, prayed to the goddess to reward their filial piety; and they both died that night. This agrees with the expression of Menander, ‘He whom the gods love dies young;’

“Ον οι θεοι φιλεσιν αποθνησκει νεος.

V. 272. . . . *Aurora's love.*

Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above.]

There is nothing more common than such accounts of men being carried away by goddesses, in all the Greek poets; and yet what offends more against credibility? The poets invented these fables merely out of compliment to the dead. When any person happened to be drowned in a river; if a man, some water nymph stole him; if a woman, she was seized to be the wife of the river god. If any were lost at sea, Neptune or some of the sea gods or goddesses had taken them to their beds. But to speak to the present purpose:—If any person died in the fields, and his body happened not to be found, if he was murdered and buried, or devoured by wild beasts, so that no account was heard of his death, he was immediately imagined to be taken from the earth by some deity who was in love with his beauty. Thus Clitus being lost in his morning sports, like Orion while he was hunting, he was fabled

to be carried to heaven by Aurora; being lost at the time of the morning, over which that deity presides.

V. 278. *From him sprung Theoclymenus ..*] We have had a long genealogical digression to introduce Theoclymenus. Such passages might be useful in the age of Homer: for by such honourable insertions he made his court to the best families then in Greece. It is true the story is told concisely, and this occasions some obscurity; distance of time, as well as place, makes us see all objects somewhat confusedly and indistinctly. In the days of Homer these stories were universally known; and consequently wanted no explication: the obscurity therefore is not to be charged upon Homer, but time, which has defaced and worn away some parts of the impression, and made the image less discernible.

The use the poet makes of the adventure of Theoclymenus, is to give encouragement to Telemachus: he assists him with his advice; and by his gift of prophecy explains to him a prodigy in the conclusion of this book. By this method he connects it with the main action: in giving Telemachus assurances that his affairs hasten to a re-establishment. Besides, these short relations are valuable, as they convey to posterity brief histories of ancient facts and families that are extant no where else.

V. 287. *Declare—thy name, thy lineage, &c.*] These questions may be thought somewhat extraordinary: for what apparent reason is there for this fugitive to be told the name of the parents of Telemachus? But the interrogations are very material. He makes them to learn if Telemachus or his father are friends to the person slain by his hand? if they were, instead of sailing with him, he would have reason to fly from him, as from a person who might take away his life by the laws of the country. Thus in the Hebrew law, Numb. xxxv. 19. ‘The revenger of blood (ὁ ἀσχετεύων, or ‘propinquus’) shall slay the murderer, when he meeteth him.’ But the Jews had cities of refuge, to which the murderers fled as to a sanctuary: the Greeks in like manner, if the homicide fled into a voluntary exile, permitted him to be in security till the murder was atoned, either by fulfilling a certain time of banishment, or by a pecuniary mulct or expiation.

I will only further remark the conciseness of these interroga-

tions of Theoclymenus; he asks four questions in a breath, in the compass of one line; his apprehensions of being pursued give him no leisure to expatiate. Homer judiciously adapts his poetry to the circumstances of the murderer; a man in fear being in great haste to be in security. Telemachus answers with equal brevity; being under a necessity to finish his voyage in the night, to avoid the ambush of the suitors.

V. 316. *Crurus they pass'd, next Chalcis — &c.*] This whole passage has been greatly corrupted; one line is omitted in all our editions of Homer, and the verses themselves are printed erroneously; for thus they stand, lib. viii. p. 539, of Strabo's Geography:

Βαν δὲ παρὰ Κρυνῆς, καὶ Χαλκίδα καλλιρεῖθρον.

Ἦυσσετο τ' ἠέλιος σπιδωντο τε πασαι ἀγυιαί,

Ἦ δὲ Φεας ἐπεβάλλεν ἀγαλλομένη διος ἕρω.

The first line is added from Strabo: thus in Latin,

‘Præterierunt Crunos, et Chalcida fluentis amœnam.’

He writes *ἀγαλλομένη* for *ἐπειγομένη*, and *φεας* instead of *φερας*. The course that Telemachus steered is thus explained by the same author: he first sailed northwardly as far as Elis; then he turned towards the east, avoiding the direct course to Ithaca, to escape the ambush of the suitors, who lay between Samos and Ithaca. Then he passed the Echinades (called *Θοαί*, that is *ὀξείαι*, or ‘sharp-pointed,’ by Homer. See Strabo, lib. x. They are called Oxias by Pliny) lying near the gulf of Corinth, and the mouths of Achelous: thus leaving Ithaca on the east, and passing it, he alters his course again, sails northwardly between Ithaca and Acarnania, and lands on the coast opposite to the Cephallenian ocean, where the suitors formed their ambush. The places mentioned by Homer lie in this order, Cruni, Chalcis, and Phæa: and are all rivers of small note, or rather brooks, as Strabo expresses it: *ἀδούρων ποταμῶν σποματά, μάλλον δὲ ὀχετῶν*.

It is highly probable that Phæa, and not Pheræ, is the true reading. For Pheræ lay in Messenia, and not in Elis, as Strabo writes. Besides, it would be absurd to join Pheræ directly with Chalcis, when the one was in Messenia, the other in Elis;

this would make the course of Telemachus's navigation unintelligible, if Elis and Messenia were confounded in the relation, and used promiscuously without order or regularity.

I will only add that Strabo in the xxth book of his Geography, instead of Καλλιρροῖον, reads ~~κατρηνοισσαν~~, perhaps through a slip of his memory.

V. 336. *Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts.]*

Mercury was the servant and minister of the gods, and was feigned to be the patron of all persons of the like station upon earth; it was supposed to be by his favour that all servants and attendants were successful in their several functions. In this view the connexion will be easy. 'I will go (says Ulysses) and offer my service to the suitors: and by the favour of Mercury, who gives success to persons of my condition, shall prosper; for no man is better able to execute the offices of attendance, than myself.' It may be objected, that these functions are unworthy of the character, and beneath the dignity of an hero; but Ulysses is obliged to act in his assumed, not real character; as a beggar, not as a king. Athenæus (lib. i. p. 18.) vindicates Ulysses in another manner. 'Men (says he) in former ~~ages~~ performed their own offices, and gloried in their dexterity in such employments. Thus Homer describes Ulysses as the most dexterous man living, in ordering wood for the fire, and in the arts of cookery.'

V. 348. *Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky.]* The sense of this passage appears to me very obvious. Dacier renders it, 'whose violence and insolence is so great that they regard not the Gods, and that they attack even the heavens.' I should rather choose to understand the words in the more plain and easy construction: Grotius is of this judgment, and thinks they bear the same import as these in Gen. xviii. 21. 'I will go down and see if they have done according to the cry which is come unto heaven.' And indeed there is a great similitude between the expressions.

V. 370. *What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire, forsaken on the verge of age.]*

These questions may seem to be needless, because Ulysses had been

fully acquainted with the story of Laertes, and the death of his mother Anticlea, by the shade of Tiresias: but Ulysses personates a stranger; and to carry on that character, pretends to be unacquainted with all the affairs of his own family. I cannot affirm that such frequent repetitions of the same circumstances are beautiful in Homer; the retirement of Laertes has been frequently mentioned, and the death of Anticlea related in other parts of the *Odyssey*; however necessary such reiterated accounts may be, I much question whether they will prove entertaining. Homer himself in this place seems to apprehend it: for Eumæus passes over the questions made by Ulysses with a very short answer, and enlarges upon other circumstances, relating to his family and affairs, to give (as Eustathius observes) variety to his poetry. But this conduct is very judicious upon another account: it lets Ulysses into the knowledge of his condition, and by it he is able to take his measures with the greater certainty, in order to bring about his own re-establishment. This is a demonstration that the objection of Rapin is without foundation; he calls these interviews between Ulysses and Eumæus mere idle fables, invented solely for amusement, and contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*; but the contrary is true, for Ulysses directs his course according to these informations.

V. 399. *And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.*] This verse,

Τῶν ἐφαγόντ', ἐπιούτε, καὶ αἰδοῖσιν ἔδωκα.

means, 'I have sustained myself with meat and drink by an honest industry, and have got wherewithal to relieve virtue that wants.' Eustathius vindicates the expression, and interprets αἰδοῖσιν, by αἰδρασιν αἰδῆς ἀξίοις, or, 'men worthy of regard and honour: ξένοις καὶ μετὰις. The following words,

..... Οὐ μελιχρὸν ἐστὶν ἀκυσά-

Οὐτ' ἐπὶ, ἢ τε τι εἶπον

are capable of a double construction, and imply either that 'I take no delight in hearing of Penelope, she being in distress, and in the power of the suitors;' or that the suitors so besiege the palace, that 'it is impossible for me to hear one gentle word from

Penelope, or receive one obliging action from her hand.' The preference is submitted to the reader's judgment; they both contain images of tenderness and humanity.

V. 438. *Ortygia*.] This is an ancient name of Delos; so called from *ορτυξ*, a 'quail,' from the great numbers of those birds found upon that island. Lycophron, in his obscure way of writing, calls it *πορτυξ λερμενη*, or the 'winged quail:' perhaps from the fable of Asteria being turned into that bird in her flight from Jupiter, and giving name to the island from the transformation she suffered upon it. It is one of the Cyclades, and lies in the Ægean ocean. Syria, or Syros, is another small island lying eastward of Ithaca, according to true geography.

V. 440. *There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race.*]

The words in Homer are *τροπαι ηελιοιο*, or 'solis conversiones.' Monsieur Perrault insults the poet as ignorant of geography, for placing Syros under the tropic: an error (says he) which commentators in vain have laboured to defend, by having recourse to a sun-dial of Pherecydes on which the motions of the sun (the *τροπαι ηελιοιο*) were designed. The last defence would indeed be ridiculous; since Pherecydes flourished three hundred years after the time of Homer. No one (replies Monsieur Boileau) was ever at any difficulty about the sense of this passage. Eustathius proves that *τρεπεσθαι* signifies the same as *δυνειν*, and denotes the setting of the sun: so that the words mean, that Syros is situated above Ortygia, on that side where the sun acts, or westerly, *προς τα δυτικα μερη της Ορτυγιας*. This indeed would fully vindicate Homer: but Bochart and others affirm, that Eustathius is in an error; and that Syros is so far from lying to the west, or *προς τροπας ηελιοιο*, that it bears an eastern position both with respect to Ithaca and Delos. How is this objection to be answered? Bochart (p. 411 of his *Geographia sacra*) explains it by having recourse to the bower mentioned by Eustathius, in which the motions of the sun were drawn. Pherecydes (says Hesychius Milesius) having collected the writings of the Phœnicians, from the use of them alone, without any instructor, became famous in

the world by the strength of his own genius: and Laertius writes, that an Heliotrope made by him was preserved in the island of Syros. Thus it is evident, that he borrowed his knowledge from the Phœnicians: and probably his skill in astronomy; they being very expert in that science, by reason of its use in their navigation. Why then might there not be a machine which exhibited the motions of the sun, made by the Phœnicians: and why might not Homer be acquainted with it? It is probable that Pherecydes took his pattern from this Heliotrope: which being one of the greatest rarities of antiquity, might give a great reputation to Syros, and consequently was worthy to be celebrated by Homer, the great preserver of antiquities. If this answer appears to any person too studied and abstruse, the difficulty may be solved, by supposing Eumæus speaking of Delos, as it lay with respect to Syros, before he was carried from it: for instance, if Syros lies on the east of Delos to a man in Ithaca, both Ithaca and Delos will lie on the west of Syros to one of that island. I would therefore imagine that Eumæus speaks as a native of Syros; and not as a sojourner in Ithaca: and then Delos will lie towards the sun-setting, or *προς ἡλίου Τέρας*: but this last I only propose as a conjecture, not presuming to offer it as a decision.

V. 442. *Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.*]

It is probable that Homer was well acquainted with the nature of this island: and that it really enjoyed an admirable temperature of air; and therefore was exceedingly healthful. The fertility of the soil proves the happiness of the air; which would naturally free the inhabitants from the maladies arising from a less salubrious situation. It is for this reason that they are to be slain by Diana and Apollo. All deaths that were sudden, and without sickness, were ascribed to those deities. Bochart (p. 470) tells us, that the name of Syros was given to the island by the Phœnicians; Asira, or Sira, signifying rich, in their language: or rather it was so called from Sura, or Asura, signifying happy. Either of these derivations fully denote the excellence both of the soil and air: and that this name is of Phœnician extract is pro-

bable from the words of Homer ; who assures us that they staid a whole year upon this island, and consequently had opportunity to know the healthfulness and fertility of it.

V. 457. *A ship of Sidon*] Here is a full testimony, that the Phœnicians were remarkable for arts and navigation over all the old world. They were expelled from their country by Joshua (as Bochart informs us) : and then settling along the sea-coasts, they spread over all the Mediterranean ; and by degrees sent out colonies into Europe, Asia, and Afric. That they were in Afric, appears from Procopius, where he mentions a pillar with a Phœnician inscription : *Ἡμεῖς ἐσμεν οἱ φυγοντες ἀπο προσηνῆ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ λεστοῦ Ναυῆ*; that is, ‘ We are a people that fly from Joshua the son of Nun, the robber ;’ they gave him that title out of resentment for their dispossession. The character they bear in the Scriptures agrees with this in Homer. Isaiah xxiii. 2. ‘ The merchants of Sidon, that pass over the seas :’ and it likewise appears from the Scriptures, that they excelled in all arts of embroidery, and works of curiosity.

V. 502. *I followed smiling, innocent of harm.*] There is a little incredibility in this narration. For if Eumæus was such an infant as he is described to be at the time when he was betrayed by his Phœnician governess, what probability is there that he should be able to retain all these particulars so circumstantially ? He was not of an age capable of making, or remembering, so many observations. The answer is, that he afterwards learned them from Laertes, who bought him of the Phœnicians : and no doubt they told him the quality of Eumæus, to enhance the price, and make the better bargain. It is also natural to imagine, that Eumæus, when he grew up to manhood, would be inquisitive after his own birth and fortunes, and therefore might probably learn these particulars from Laertes. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 511. *Six calmy days, &c.*] It is evident from this passage that it is above six days sail from Ithaca to Syros, though carried with favourable winds. DACIER.

V. 521. *And now adopted to a foreign land.*] Homer has here given us an history of the life of Eumæus : the episode contains near an hundred lines, and may seem entirely foreign to the ac-

tion of the Odyssey. I will not affirm that it is in every respect to be justified. The main story is at a stand: but we are to consider that this relation takes up but a small part of one leisure evening; and that the action cannot proceed till the return of Telemachus. It is of use to set off the character of Eumæus. So the story has a distant relation to the Odyssey; and perhaps is not to be looked upon merely as an excrescence from the main building, but a small projection to adorn it.

V. 534. *Till radiant rose the messenger of day.*] This is the morning of the thirty-eighth day since the beginning of the Odyssey. It is observable that Telemachus takes more time in his return from Pylos, than in sailing thither from his own country: for in the latter end of the second book he set sail after sun-setting, and reached Pyle in the morning; here he embarks in the afternoon, and yet arrives not at Ithaca till after break of day. The reason of it is not to be ascribed to a less prosperous wind; but to the greater compass he was obliged to fetch, to escape the ambush of the suitors. In the former voyage he steered a direct course; in this he sails round about to the north of Ithaca, and therefore wastes more time in his voyage to it.

V. 561. *He wears the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame.*]

The words in the original are *οδυσεὺς γὰρ ἐξείν*.—Which may either be rendered, ‘to obtain the honour of marrying Penelope,’ agreeably to the former part of the verse; or it means that Eury-machus has the fairest hopes to marry Penelope, and ‘obtain the throne’ or *γέρας* of Ulysses. The former in my judgment is the better construction; especially because it avoids a tautology, and gives a new image in the second part of the verse, very different from the sense expressed in the former part of it.

V. 566. *The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger.*] The augury is thus to be interpreted:—Ulysses is the hawk, the suitors the pigeon. The hawk denotes the valour of Ulysses, being a bird of prey; the pigeon represents the cowardice of the suitors, that bird being remarkable for her timorous nature. The hawk flies on the right, to denote success to Ulysses.

Homer calls this bird the messenger of Apollo: not that this augury was sent by that deity (though that be no forced interpretation); but the expression implies that the hawk was sacred to Apollo, as the peacock was to Juno, the owl to Pallas, and the eagle to Jupiter. Thus Ælian, *anim. lib. x. c. 14.* Αἰγυπῖοι τὸν ἱέρακα τῷ Ἀπολλωνί τιμὰν ποικίλασι, &c. and he gives the reason of it: for the hawk is the only bird that is capable to bear the lustre of the sun without inconvenience and difficulty; the same is said of the eagle. But the hawk is reckoned to be of the aquiline kind. It was death among the Egyptians to kill this bird, because it was dedicated to Apollo.

There is another reason why any bird that was taken notice of by way of augury may be said to be the messenger of Apollo; that deity presiding over divination.

V. 571. *Th' observing augur took the prince aside.*] The reason why Theoclymenus withdraws Telemachus, while he interprets the augury, is not apparent at the first view; but he does it out of an apprehension lest he should be overheard by some of the company; who might disclose the secret to the suitors, and such a discovery might prove fatal to his own person, or to the fortunes of Telemachus. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 581. *Then to Peiræus. . . . Thou whom time has prov'd, &c.*] We find that Telemachus intended to deliver Theoclymenus to the care of Eurymachus: what then is the reason why he thus suddenly alters that resolution, and intrusts him to Peiræus? This is occasioned by the discovery of the skill of Theoclymenus in augury: he fears lest the suitors should extort some prediction from him that might be detrimental to his affairs, or, should he refuse it, to the person of Theoclymenus. EUSTATHIUS.

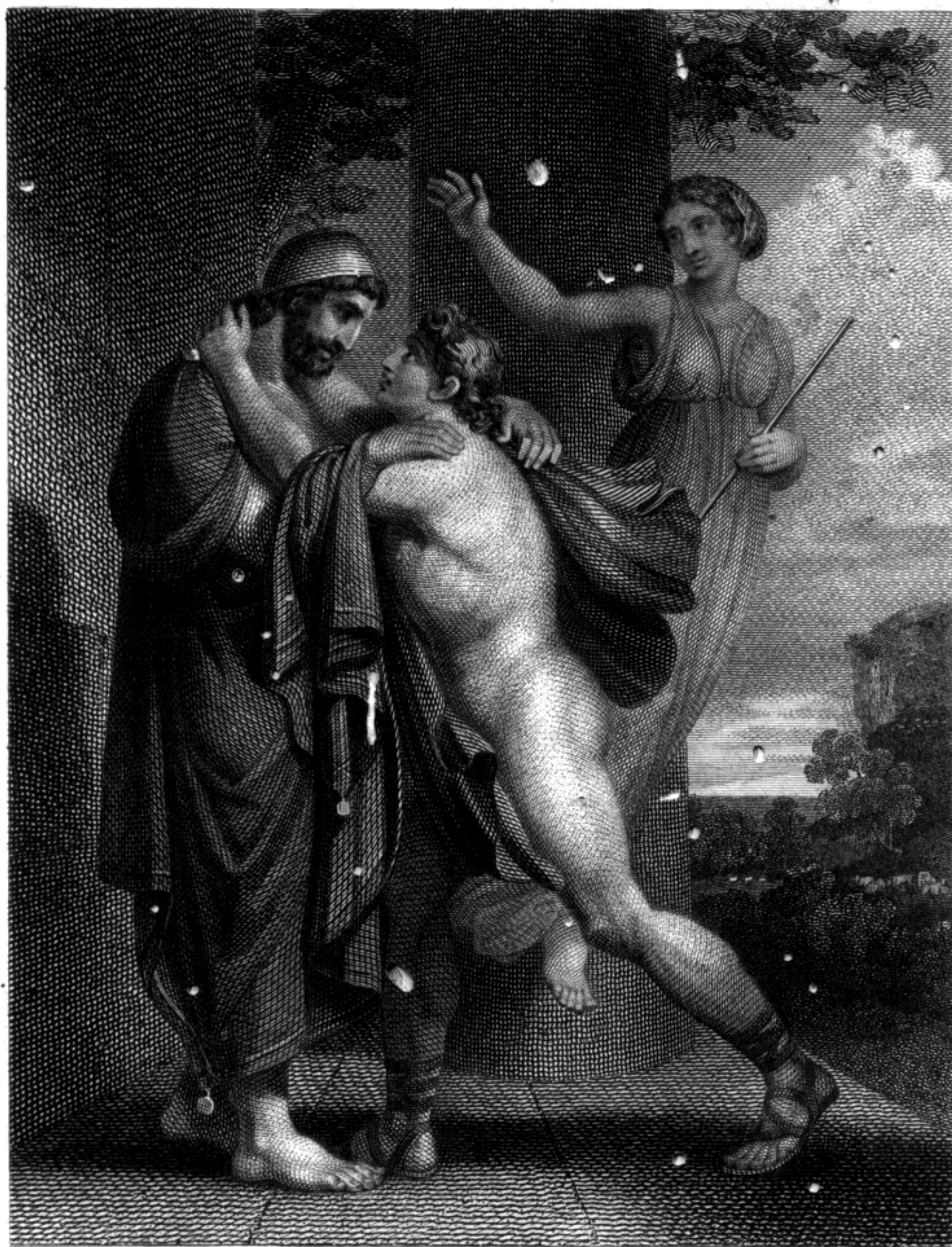
This book comprehends somewhat more than the space of two days and one night; for the vision appears to Telemachus a little before the dawn, in the night preceding the thirty-sixth day, and he lands in Ithaca on the thirty-eighth in the morning.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.



Painted by H. Howard A.

Engraved by Cha. Warren.

BOOK XVI.

Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs descry, 5
And, fawning round his feet, confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said :

Some well-known friend, Eumæus! bends this
way;

His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play. 10

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.

Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropt the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye 15
The tears rain'd copious in a show'r of joy.

As some fond sire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the fav'rite boy : 20

So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead. •

And is it thou, my ever-dear delight!

Oh art thou come to bless my longing sight?

Never, I never hop'd to view this day, 25

When o'er the waves you plough'd the desp'rate
way.

Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,

O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.

Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless pow'rs

Too much detain thee from these silvan bow'rs.

The prince replied: Eumæus, I obey. 31

To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.

But say, if in the court the queen reside

Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride?

Thus he; and thus the monarch of the swains:

Severely chaste Penelope remains, 36

But lost to ev'ry joy, she wastes the day

In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.

He ended, and (receiving as they pass

The jav'lin, pointed with a star of brass) 40

They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble
shin'd:

His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.

Not so:—(exclaims the prince with decent grace)

For me, this house shall find an humbler place:

T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs 45

And rev'rend strangers, modest youth forbears.

Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,

And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.

There sat the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,

And heap'd the shining canisters with bread. 50

Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,

The frugal remnants of the former day.

Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines,

Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.

And now the rage of thirst and hunger fled, 55

Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:

Whence, father, from what shore this stranger,
say?

What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?

To human step our land impervious lies,

And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise. 60

The swain returns:—A tale of sorrows hear.

In spacious Crete he drew his natal air:

Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main;

For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.

Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew 65

From Thesprot mariners, a murd'rous crew.

To thee my son the suppliant I resign:

I gave him my protection;—grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend. 70

Can strangers safely in the court reside,
Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride?

E'en I unsafe.—The queen, in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed!

Perhaps she weds; regardless of her fame, 75
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name.

However, stranger! from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give:

Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove;
And safe to sail with ornaments of love. 80

Till then, thy guest amid the rural train
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.

'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky:
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs, 85

And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.

For should'st thou suffer, pow'rless to relieve
I must behold it, and can only grieve.

The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpow'r'd by numbers, is but brave in vain. 90

To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
 With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
 Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
 At once to pity and resent thy wrong.

My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave 95
 Live to base insolence of pow'r a slave.

But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
 And hear, their midnight revels uncontroll'd?
 Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise;
 Or priests in fabled oracles advise? 100
 Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?

O that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
 Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
 Or, heav'n's might he return! (and soon appear
 He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair) 106
 Might he return, I yield my life a prey
 To my worst foe, if that avenging day

Be not their last.—But should I lose my life,
 Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife, 110
 I choose the noble part; and yield my breath,
 Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;
 Than see the hand of violence invade
 The rev'rend stranger, and the spotless maid;

Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast. 116

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise;
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise; 120
Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.

Ah me! I boast no brother:—heav'n's dread king
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
Alone Laërtes reign'd Arcesius' heir; 125

Alone Ulysses drew the vital air;
And I alone th' bed connubial grac'd,
An unblest offspring of a sire unblest!
Each neighb'ring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and ev'ry peer a foe: 130
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills.

E'en Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.
The queen averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r, 135
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Meantime, their licence uncontroll'd I bear;
E'en now they envy me the vital air:
But heav'n will sure revenge, and gods there are.

But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart 140
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.

Yet secret go: for num'rous are my foes;
And here at least I may in peace repose.

To whom the swain: I hear, and I obey.

But old Laertes weeps his life away, 145

And deems thee lost. Shall I my speed employ

To bless his age, a messenger of joy?

The mournful hour that tore his son away

Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray:

Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe, 150

He drest the vine, and bade the garden blow;

Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day

That you to Pylos plough'd the wat'ry way,

Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,

Wild springs, the vine, no more the garden blows;

Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost, 156

Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.

Wretched old man! (with tears the prince re-
turns)

Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?

Were ev'ry wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies, 160

This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.

But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear

Our safe return, and back with speed repair;

And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court. 165

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away.
Then from the heav'ns the martial goddess flies
Thro' the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;
In form, a virgin of soft beauty's bloom, 170
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd;
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus: (the pow'rs above
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move) 175
The dogs intell gent confess'd the tread
Of pow'r divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The goddess, beck'ning, waves her deathless hands;
Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.

Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise? 181
Stand forth reveal'd:—with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes.—Be valiant, and destroy!
Lo, I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian pow'r. 185

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:

At once with grace divine his frame improves;
 At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:
 Youth flush'd his red'ning cheek, and from his
 brows 190

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
 His black'ning chin receives a deeper shade;
 Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior-maid.

The hero re-ascends: the prince o'eraw'd
 Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god. 195
 Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
 How art thou chang'd! (he cried) a god appears!
 Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
 Far other glories lighten from thy face!
 If heav'n be thy abode, with pious care 200
 Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
 Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
 To win thy grace:—O save us, pow'r divine!

Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
 Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky. 205
 I am thy father.—O my son! my son!
 That father, for whose sake thy days have run
 One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
 And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy 210
 With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.

Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew :
 He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew :

Ah me ! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
 Thou art not——no, thou canst not be my sire.
 Heav'n such illusion only can impose, 210
 By the false joy, to aggravate my woes.
 Who but a god can change the gen'ral doom,
 * And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom ?

Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod ;
 Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god ! 221

Forbear, he cried : for heav'n reserve that name ;
 Give to thy father but a father's claim :

Other Ulysses shalt thou never see :

I am Ulysses ;—I, my son, am he. 225

Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
 'Tis giv'n at length to view my native coast.

Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
 With grace divine ;—her pow'r admits no bounds :
 She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed ; 230

Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
 The gods with ease frail man depress, or raise,
 Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

He spoke and sat. The prince with transport
 flew ;

Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew :

Nor less the father pour'd a social good! 236
 They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
 As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
 Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young:—
 They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
 To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away.
 So they aloud—and tears in tides had run,
 Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;
 But checking the full torrent in its flow,
 The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe: 245
 What ship transported thee, O father, say,
 And what blest hands have oar'd thee on the way?
 All, all (Ulysses instant made reply),
 I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
 Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd; 250
 A nation ever to the stranger kind.
 Wrapt in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
 O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign.
 Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
 Conceal'd in caverns in the silvan shade. 255
 Hither, intent the rival rout to slay
 And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
 So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
 The names and numbers of th' audacious train;

'Tis mine to judge if better to employ 260
 Assistant force, or singly to destroy.

O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy
 name,

Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame:

Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost—

Can we engage;—not decads, but an host?

Can we alone in furious battle stand,

Against that num'rous and determin'd band?

Hear then their numbers:—From Dulichium came

Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name;

Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast

Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast: 271

And twelve our country's pride; to these belong

Medon and Phemius skill'd in heav'nly song.

Two sew'rs from day to day the revels wait,

Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state. 275

With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,

Were by false courage unrêveng'd to die.

Then what assistant pow'rs you boast, relate,

Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.

Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:

What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?

If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,

By mighty Pallas, and by thund'ring Jove?

Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
 Against the banded pow'rs of all mankind: 285
 They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
 Wither the strength of man, and awe the gods.
 ' Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
 We rise terrific to the task of fight.
 But thou, when morn salutes th' aërial plain, 290
 The court revisit, and the lawless train:
 Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads;
 An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
 There, if base scorn insult my rev'rend age;
 Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage. 295
 If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
 Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
 Yet strive by pray'r and counsel to restrain
 Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain;
 For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call; 300
 And vengeance strikes whom heav'n has doom'd
 to fall.

Once more attend: When she whose pow'r inspires
 The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires,
 I give the sign:—that instant from beneath,
 Aloft convey the instruments of death 305
 Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
 Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:

' These glitt'ring weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy,
 Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy;
 Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:
 Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone. 311
 I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
 From the pollution of the fuming fires;
 Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
 Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;
 Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite 316
 The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.'

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
 For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
 Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield; 320
 A pointed jav'lin, and a fencible shield.
 But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
 By that regard a son his father owes,—
 The secret, that thy father lives, retain
 Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train.
 Hide it from all:—e'en from Eumæus hide;— 326
 From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
 One care remains: to note the loyal few
 Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
 And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove 330
 Who loves his prince;—for sure you merit love.

To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
 The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
 But reconsider, since the wisest err:—
 Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dang'rous to defer. 335
 What length of time must we consume in vain,
 Too curious to explore the menial train!
 While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
 Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
 Suffice it in this exigence alone 340
 To mark the damsels that attend the throne:
 Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
 Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from
 Jove.

While in debate they waste the hours away,
 Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay. 345
 With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
 With speed debarking land the naval stores;
 Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
 And trust the presents to his friendly care.
 Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart 350
 Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;
 Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
 Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
 And cries aloud—Thy son, O queen, returns. 355

Eumæus sage approach'd th' imperial throne,
 And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
 Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band
 Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;
 And issuing from the dome, before the gate, 366
 With clouded looks, a pale assembly, sat.

At length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
 Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
 Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display;
 Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey!

Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand
 Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band;
 Full to the bay within the winding shores
 With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
 O friends! he cried—elate with rising joy, 370
 See to the port secure the vessel fly!
 Some god has told them; or themselves survey
 The bark escap'd, and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores,
 They moor the vessel and unlade the stores: 375
 Then moving from the strand, apart they sat;
 And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy? He lives (Antinous cries)
 The care of gods and fav'rite of the skies.

All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills. 381

And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey.

Yet safe he sails!—the pow'rs celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live. 385

But die he shall:—and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the scene of instant death decreed:

Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe.

Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.

Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws? 390

The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?

Strike, ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray

Our murtherous ambush on the wat'ry way.

Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly 394

Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?

The brave prevent misfortune:—then be brave,

And bury future danger in his grave.

Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,

Or where he hides in solitude and shade:

And give the palace to the queen a dow'r, 400

Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.

But if submissive you resign the swain

Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.

Retire we instant to our native reign,
 Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain. 405
 Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be
 giv'n

To some bless'd prince, the prince decreed by
 heav'n.

Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;
 Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
 Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign
 (A land of plenty, bless'd with ev'ry grain): 411
 Chief of the numbers who the queen addrest;
 And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
 Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd:
 Graceful awhile he paus'd—then mildly said: 415

O friends forbear! and be the thought with-
 stood!

'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
 Consult we first th' all-seeing pow'rs above,
 And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
 If they assent, e'en by this hand he dies; 420
 If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said: The rival train his voice approv'd,
 And, rising instant to the palace mov'd.
 Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sat,
 Recumbent on the shining thrones of state. 425

Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
 The murd'rous council to the queen relates.
 Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends:
 Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
 Sudden before the rival pow'rs she stands: 431
 And veiling decent with a modest shade
 Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said:

O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!
 Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accurs'd! 435
 Mistaking fame proclaims thy gen'rous mind!
 Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
 Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives;
 While in his guest his murd'rer he receives:
 Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong 440
 The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong,
 Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art),
 Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?
 Lawless he ravag'd with his martial pow'rs
 The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores; 445
 Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
 Ulysses sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
 And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
 His bed dishonour, and his house betray?

Afflict his queen? and with a murd'rous hand 450

Destroy his heir?—but cease;—'tis ~~his~~ command.

Far hence those fears (Eurymachus replied),
O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.

Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day? 455

No: by the righteous pow'rs of heav'n I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.

Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My gen'rous soul abhors th' ungrateful part, 460
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.

Then fear no mortal arm:—if heav'n destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die.

Thus smooth he ended;—yet his death conspir'd:
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd. 465
With streaming eyes, all comfortless, deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;
Nor ceas'd, till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumbers seal'd her flowing eye.

And now Eumæus, at the ev'ning hour, 470
Came, late returning to his silvan bow'r.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar: and gave the gods their part;

Holy repast! That instant from the skies
 The martial goddess to Ulysses flies: 475
 She waves her golden wand, and reassumes
 From ev'ry feature ev'ry grace that blooms;
 At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
 Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads:
 Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,
 Unable to contain th' unruly joy. 481

When near he drew, the prince breaks forth;—
 proclaim

What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of
 fame?

Say, if the suitors measure back the main;
 Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain? 485

Whether he cries, they measure back the flood,
 Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
 Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
 (Thy mandate borne) my soul disdain'd to stay.
 But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view, 490
 Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
 Her freight a shining band: with martial air
 Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
 And if aright these searching eyes survey,
 Th' eluded suitors stem the wat'ry way. 495

The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay, 500
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK XVI.

V. 1. *Soon as the morning blush'd along the plains, &c.]* This book opens with the greatest simplicity imaginable. Dionysius Halicarnassus quotes the sixteen first lines to this purpose: the poet, says that author, describes a low and vulgar action, yet gives it an inexpressible sweetness; the ear is pleased with the harmony of the poetry, and yet there is nothing noble in the sentiments. Whence, continues he, does this arise? from the choice of the words, or from the placing of them? No one will affirm that it consists in the choice of the words: for the diction is entirely low and vulgar; so vulgar, that a common artificer or peasant, who never studied elocution, would use it in conversation. Turn the verses into prose, and this will appear. There are no transpositions, no figures, no variety of dialect, nor any new and studied expressions. Where then is the beauty of the poetry? It must be entirely ascribed to the harmonious juncture and position of the words; and he concludes that the 'collocation' of words has a greater efficacy both in prose and poetry, than the 'choice.'

V. 3. *their meal prepare.]* The word in the original is *αριστον*, which here denotes very evidently the morning repast: it is used but in one other place in all Homer in this sense: *Iliad*, lib. xxiv. ver. 124.

Εσθυμένως ἀπείοντο καὶ ὀπτινοῖο ἀριστον.

But we are not therefore to imagine that this was an unusual meal; Homer in other places expresses it by *δειπνον*, as is observed by Athenæus, lib. i.

Οἱ δ' ἀρ' αὖ δειπνον ἔλουντ' ἀπο δ' αὐτῆς θάρασσαντο.

'At the dawn of the day they took repast and armed themselves

for battle.' The Greeks had three customary meals; which are distinctly mentioned by Palamedes in Æschylus,

Ἀριστα, δειπνα, δορπαθ' αἰρεῖσθαι τριτα.

Homer, adds Athenæus, mentions a fourth repast, lib. xvii. of the Odyssey:

..... συ δ' ἔρχεο δειλιησας.

This the Romans called 'commessationem,' we a collation, a repast taken, as the same author explains it, between dinner and supper; the word is derived *απο της δειλης οφιας*, or 'the evening twilight.' But Athenæus refutes himself, lib. v. p. 193. I have already (says he) observed that the ancients eat thrice a day; and it is ridiculous to imagine that they eat four times from these words of Homer,

..... συ δ' ἔρχεο δειλιησας.

For that expression meant only that Eumæus should return in the evening, *δειλινον διατρίψας χρόνον*. But this is not the full import of the word *δειλιησας*, for it undoubtedly means, to take the evening repast or supper, as is evident from the conclusion of the seventeenth book of the Odyssey: 'Return,' says Telemachus to Eumæus, 'but first take refreshment:' and Eurpæus accordingly eats; and the poet immediately adds, 'because the evening was come,' or *επηλυθε δειλον ημας*. However, in no sense can this word be brought to prove that the Greeks eat four times in the day: but if any person will imagine, that it signifies in that place an immediate meal, all that can be gathered from it is, that Telemachus, out of kindness to Eumæus, commands him to eat before the usual hour of repast, before he leaves his palace: but Hesychius rightly interprets it by *το δειλινον λαβων εμβρωμα*, that is, 'eating his supper;' for as *δειπνον* and *αριστον* signify the dinner, so *δορπον* and *δειλινον* denote the time of supper promiscuously.

I will add no more, but refer the reader for a full explication of *δειπνον*, and *αριστον* and *δειλινον*, to lib. viii. quest. 6 of Plutarch's Symposiacs.

V. 14. *Dropt the full bowl*] In the original it is, Eumæus dropped the bowl as he tempered it with water. It was customary not to drink wine unmixed with water among the ancients. There was no certain proportion observed in the mixture: some to one vessel of wine poured in two of water; others to two of wine five of water. Homer tells us that the wine of Maron was so strong as to require twenty measures of water to one of wine: but perhaps this is spoken hyperbolically, to shew the uncommon strength of it. The Lacedæmonians used to boil their wine till the fifth part was consumed, and then keeping it four years, drank it: but sometimes the Grecians drank it without water (but this they called reproachfully *ἐπισυβίαι*, or to act like a Scythian, from whom they borrowed the custom). It was usual even for children to drink wine thus tempered amongst the Grecians; thus in this book Eurymachus,

..... *ἐπισυβέει δὲ οἶνον εὐρύχοι.*

And Phoenix in the ninth of the Iliad, speaking of Achilles,

..... *οἶνον ἐπισυβέει.*

At Athens there was an altar erected to Bacchus *ἄθεος*, because from thus tempering the wine men returned 'upright,' or sober, from entertainments; and a law was enacted by *Amphitryon, and afterwards revived by Solon, that no unmixed wine should be drunk at any entertainment.

V. 33. *if in the court the queen reside*

Severely chaste, or if commens'd a bride.]

Homer here makes use of a proverbial expression. It may thus be literally translated:

'Or say, if obstinate no more to wed,
She doctns to spiders' nets th' imperial bed.

Telemachus means by this question, if Penelope be determined no more to marry; for the marriage-bed was esteemed so sacred,

* It is presumed that Amphictyon, who preceded Erichthonius on the throne of Athens, must here be meant.

that, upon the decease or absence of the husband, it remained unused.

Eustathius quotes the same expression from other authors of antiquity; thus Hesiod,

Εκ δ' αἰγῶν θλασθίας ἀραχνία

'You shall clear the vessels from spiders' webs:' meaning, that 'you shall have so full employment for your vessels, that the spiders shall no more spread their looms there.' And another poet* praying for peace, wishes spiders may weave their nets upon the soldiers' arms: *εἰς τοὺς πολεμικοὺς ἐβελων εἰρήνην ἐκθῆναι, ἀραχνίας ἐκτενέσθαι νηματα ὑφανταί τοις ὀπλοῖς*. Thus we find among the Greeks it was an expression of dignity, and applied to great and serious occasions. I am not certain that it is so used by the Romans. Catullus uses it jocosely, speaking of his empty purse;

'.....nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est araneorum.'

Plautus does the same in his *Aulularia*:

'.....anne quis ædes auferat?
Nam hinc apud nos nihil est aliud quæsti furibus,
Ita inaniis sunt oppletæ, atque araneis.'

I am doubtful if it be not too mean an image for English poetry.

V. 43. *Not so. . . [exclaims the prince. . .]* Nothing can more strongly represent the respect which antiquity paid to strangers, than this conduct of Telemachus: Ulysses is in rags, in the disguise of a beggar, and yet a prince refuses to take his seat. I doubt not but every good man will be pleased with such instances of benevolence and humanity to his fellow creatures: one well-natured action is preferable to a thousand great ones; and Telemachus appears with more advantage upon this heap of hides and osiers, than a tyrant upon his throne.

V. 52. *The frugal remnants of the former day.*] This entertainment is neither to be ascribed to parsimony nor poverty, but to the custom and hospitality of former ages. It was a common

* Bacchylides.

expression among the Greeks at table, 'leave something for the Medes;' intimating that something ought to be left for a guest that might come accidentally. Plutarch in his seventh book of the *Sympos.* (question 3) commends this conduct. Eumæus, (says that author) a wise scholar of a wise master, is no way discomposed, when Telemachus pays him a visit, he immediately sets before him

'The frugal remnants of the former day.'

Besides, the table was accounted sacred to the gods; and nothing that was sacred was permitted to be empty. This was another reason why the ancients always reserved part of their provisions; not solely out of hospitality to men, but piety to the gods.

V. 92. *With warmth replies the man of mighty woes.*] There is not a more spirited speech in all the *Odyssey* than this of Ulysses. His resentment arises from the last words of Telemachus, observes Eustathius:

'The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.'

He is preparing his son for the destruction of the suitors, and animating him against despair by reason of their numbers. This he brings about, by representing that a brave man in a good cause prefers death to dishonour. By the same method Homer exalts the character of Ulysses. Telemachus thinks it impossible to resist the suitors; Ulysses not only resists them, but almost without assistance works their destruction. There is a fine contrast between the tried courage of Ulysses, and the inexperience of Telemachus.

V. 105. (And soon appear
He shall, I trust;—a hero scorns despair).]

Some ancient critics, as Eustathius informs us, rejected this verse, and thus read the passage:

Η παῖς ἐξ Ὀδυσσεὸς ἀμυμονός, ἢ καὶ αὐτός.
Αὐτὴν ἐπεὶτ' ἀπ' ἐμείο κατὰ ταμοὶ ἄλλοτριος φῶν.—

Then the sense will be, 'O that I were the son of Ulysses, or Ulysses himself,' &c.

For, add they, if this verse be admitted, it breaks the transport of Ulysses's resentment, and cools the warmth of the expression. Eustathius confesses that he was once of the same opinion; but afterwards seems dubious; for, continues he, Ulysses by saying, 'O that I were the son of Ulysses, or Ulysses himself,' gave room to suspect that he was himself Ulysses; and therefore to efface this impression, he adds with great address,

'..... (And soon appear
He shall, I trust: a hero scorns despair).

And by this method removes all jealousy that might arise from his former expression.

V. 108. *To my worst foe.*] The words in Greek are *αλλοτριος φως*, or 'may I fall by the hand of a stranger:' that is, by the worst of enemies; foreigners being usually the most barbarous enemies. This circumstance therefore aggravates the calamity. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 127. *And I alone the bed connubial grac'd.*] Homer mentions but one son of Ulysses: other authors name another, Archelaus; and Sophocles, Euryalus slain by Telemachus; but, perhaps these descended not from Penelope. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 159. *Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?*] Eustathius reads the words differently: either *αχθυμενον περ*, or *αχθυμενοι περ*. If we use the former reading, it will be understood according to the recited translation; if the latter, it must then be referred to Telemachus, and imply, 'let us cease to inform Laertes, though we grieve for him.' I suppose some critics were shocked at the words in the former sense; and thought it cruel in Telemachus not to relieve the sorrows of Laertes, which were occasioned chiefly through fondness to his person. Dacier is fully of this opinion: Eustathius prefers neither of the lections: I doubt not but Homer wrote *αχθυμενον περ*—this agrees with the whole context:

'Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)

Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?

* Were ev'ry wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.

And as for the cruelty of Telemachus, in forbidding Eumæus to go to Laertes, there is no room for this objection: he guards against it, by requesting Penelope to give him immediate information; which might be done almost as soon by a messenger from her, as by Eumæus. Besides, such a messenger to Laertes would be entirely foreign to the poem; for his knowledge of the return of Telemachus could contribute nothing to the design of the Odyssey: whereas the information given to Penelope has this effect; it puts the suitors upon new measures, and instructs her how to regulate her own conduct with regard to them; and therefore the poet judiciously dwells upon this, and passes over the other.

V. 176. *The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread
Of pow'r divine. . . .]*

This may seem a circumstance unworthy of poetry, and ridiculous; to ascribe a greater sagacity to the brute creation, than to man. But it may be answered, that it was the design of the goddess to be invisible only to Telemachus, and consequently she was visible to the dogs. But I am willing to believe that there is a deeper meaning, and a beautiful moral couched under this story, and perhaps Homer speaks thus, to give us to understand, that the brute creation itself confesses the divinity. Dacier.

* V: 178. *The goddess, beck'ning, waves her deathless hands.]*
The goddess evidently acts thus, that Telemachus might not hear her speak to Ulysses: for this would have made the discovery, and precluded that beautiful interview between Ulysses and Telemachus that immediately follows. It is for the same reason that she conceals herself from Telemachus: for the discovery must have been fully and convincingly made by the appearance and veracity of a deity; and then there could have been no room for all those doubts and fears of Telemachus, that enliven and beautify the manner of the discovery. The whole relation is indeed an allegory. The wisdom of Ulysses (in poetry, Minerva) suggests to him, that this is a proper time to reveal himself to

Telemachus; the same wisdom (or Minerva) instructs him to dress himself like a king, that he may find the readier credit with his son: in this dress he appears a new man, young and beautiful, which gives occasion to Telemachus to imagine him a deity; especially because he was an infant when his father sailed to Troy, and therefore, though he now appears like Ulysses, Telemachus does not know him to be his father. This is the naked story, when stript of its poetical ornaments.

V. 194. *The prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.]*

I must offer a remark in opposition to that of Dacier upon this place: 'This fear of Telemachus (says that author) proceeds from the opinion of the ancients. When the gods came down visibly, they thought themselves so unworthy of such a manifestation, that whenever it happened, they believed they should die, or meet with some great calamity:' thus the Israelites address Moses: 'Speak thou to us, and we will hear; but let not the Lord speak to us, lest we die.' Thus also Gideon: 'Alas! O Lord, my God, because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face: and the Lord said to him, Fear not; thou shalt not die.' Hence it is evident, that this notion prevailed among the Israelites: but how does it appear that the Greeks held the same opinion? The contrary is manifest almost to a demonstration. The gods are introduced almost in every book both of the Iliad and Odyssey; and yet there is not the least foundation for such an assertion: nay, Telemachus himself in the second book returns thanks to Minerva for appearing to him, and prays for a second vision:

' O goddess! who descending from the skies,
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my longing eyes;
Hear from thy heav'ns above, O warrior maid,
Descend once more propitious to my aid!'

It is not to be imagined that Telemachus would have preferred this prayer, if the presence of the deity denoted death, or some great calamity; and all the heroes throughout the Iliad esteem such intercourses as their glory, and converse with the gods

without any apprehensions. But whence then proceeds this fear of Telemachus? Entirely from a reverential awe, and his own modesty while he stands in the presence of a deity; for such he believes Ulysses. The words of Telemachus agree with his behaviour; he speaks the language of a man in surprise: it is this surprise at the sudden change of Ulysses, that first makes him imagine him a deity, and upon that imagination offer him sacrifice and prayer. The whole behaviour paints the nature of man under surprise, and which transports the speaker into vehemence and emotion.

V. 238. *As the bold eagle*] This is a beautiful comparison; but, to take its full force, it is necessary to observe the nature of this φῆν, or ‘vulture.’ Homer does not compare Ulysses to that bird merely for its dignity, it being of the aquiline kind, and therefore the king of birds; but from the knowledge of the nature of it, which doubles the beauty of the allusion. This bird is remarkable for the love it bears towards its young: ‘Tearing open her own thigh, she feeds her young with her own blood.’ Thus also another author:

Τὸν μηρὸν ἐκλεμοντες, ἡμαλώμενοις
Γαλακτὸς ὅλοις ζωπυρεσι τὰ βρεφῆ.

‘Femur exsecto, sanguineo lactis defluxu suos foetus refocillant.’ And the Egyptians made the vulture their hieroglyphic to represent a compassionate nature. This gives a reason why this bird is introduced with peculiar propriety to represent the fondness of Ulysses for Telemachus. But where is the point of the similitude? Ulysses embraces his son; but the vulture is said to mourn the loss of her young: Eustathius answers, that the sorrow alone, and vehemence of it, is intended to be illustrated by the comparison. I think he should have added, the affection Ulysses bears to Telemachus.

It is observable, that Homer inserts very few similitudes in his Odyssey; though they occur frequently almost in every book of the Iliad. The Odyssey is wrote with more simplicity, and consequently there is less room for allusions. If we observe the similes themselves inserted in each poem, we shall find the same difference. In the Iliad they are drawn from lions, storms, tor-

ents, conflagrations, thunder, &c. In the *Odyssey*, from lower objects: from an heap of thorns, from a shipwright playing the whimble, an armourer tempering iron, a matron weeping over her dying husband, &c. The similes are likewise generally longer in the *Iliad* than the *Odyssey*; and there is less resemblance between the thing illustrated and the illustration. The reason is, in the *Iliad* the similitudes are introduced to illustrate some great and noble object; and therefore the poet proceeds till he has raised some noble image to inflame the mind of the reader: whereas in these calmer scenes the poet keeps closer to the point of allusion, and needs only to represent the object, to render it entertaining. By the former conduct he raises our admiration above the subject, by adding foreign embellishments; in the latter he brings the copy as close as possible to the original, to possess us with a true and equal image of it.

It has been objected by a French critic, that Homer is blameable for too great a length in his similitudes: that in the heat of an action he stops short, and turns to some allusion, which calls off our attention from the main subject. It is true, comparisons ought not to be too long; and are not to be placed in the heat of an action, as Mr. Dryden observes, but when it begins to decline. Thus in the first *Æneis*, when the storm is in its fury, the poet introduces no comparison; because nothing can be more impetuous than the storm itself; but when the heat of the description abates, then, lest we should cool too soon, he renews it by some proper similitude, which still keeps up our attention, and fixes the whole upon our minds. The similitude before us is thus placed at the conclusion of the hero's lamentation: and the poet by this method leaves the whole deeply fixed upon the memory. Virgil has imitated this comparison in his fourth *Georgic*; but very judiciously substituted the nightingale in the place of the vulture; that bird being introduced to represent the mournful music of Orpheus:

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
 Flet noctem, &c. G. iv. 511.

V. 243. *The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.*] It does not appear at first view why the poet makes Telemachus recóve himself from his transport of sorrow sooner than Ulysses. Is Telemachus a greater master of his passions? or is it to convince Ulysses of his son's wisdom, as Eustathius conjectures? this can scarce be supposed, Ulysses being superior in wisdom. I would choosc rather to ascribe it to human nature: for it has been observed, that affection seldom so strongly ascends, as it descends; the child seldom loves the father so tenderly, as the father the child; this observation has been made from the remotest antiquity. And it is wisely designed by the great Author of our natures; for in the common course of life, the child must bury the parent; it is therefore a merciful dispensation, that the tie of blood and affection should be loosened by degrees, and not torn violently asunder in the full strength of it. It is expected that aged persons should die: their loss therefore grows more familiar to us; and it loses much of its horror through the long expectation of it.

V. 250. *Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd.*] Here is a repetition of what the reader knows entirely, from many parts of the preceding story; but it being necessary in this place, the poet judiciously reduces it into the compass of six lines, and by this method avoids prolixity. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 268. *Hear then their numbers*] According to this catalogue, the suitors with their attendants (the two sewers, and Medon, and Phemius) are an hundred and eighteen; but the two last are not to be taken for the enemies of Ulysses; and therefore are not involved in their punishment in the conclusion of the Odyssey. EUSTATHIUS.

Spordanus mistakes this passage egregiously,

Medon κρηυξ καὶ θεῖος αἰσδοῦς.

He understands it thus, 'Medon who was an herald and a divine bard.' 'Præco unus qui et idem musicus:' it is true, the construction will bear this interpretation; but it is evident from the latter part of the xxiid Odyssey, that the Κρηυξ and the Αἰσδοῦς were two persons, namely, Medon and Phemius: Medon acts all

- along as a friend to Penelope and Telemachus; and Phemius is affirmed to be detained by the suitors involuntarily: and consequently they are both guiltless.

V. 289. *Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.]*

This whole discourse between Ulysses and Telemachus is introduced to prepare the reader for the catastrophe of the poem. Homer judiciously interests heaven in the cause:—that the reader may not be surprised at the event, when he sees such numbers fall by the hands of these heroes. He consults probability; and as the poem now draws to a conclusion, sets the assistance of heaven full before the reader.

It is likewise very artful to let us into some knowledge of the event of the poem: all care must be taken that it be rather guessed than known. If it be entirely known, the reader finds nothing new to awaken his attention; if, on the contrary, it be so intricate, that the event cannot possibly be guessed at, we wander in the dark, and are lost in uncertainty. The art of the poet consists not in concealing the event entirely; but, when it is in some measure foreseen, in introducing a number of incidents that bring us almost into the sight of it, then by new obstacles perplex the story to the very conclusion of the poem. Every obstacle, and every removal of it, fills us with surprise, with pleasure or pain alternately; and consequently calls up our whole attention.

V. 296. *If outrage cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.]*

Plutarch, in his Treatise upon reading poems, observes the wisdom of Ulysses in these instructions. He is the person who is more immediately injured: yet he not only restrains his own resentment, but that of Telemachus: he perceives that his son is in danger of flying out into some passion; he therefore very wisely arms him against it. Men do not put bridles upon horses when they are already running with full speed; but they bridle them before they bring them out to the race. This very well illustrates

the conduct of Ulysses. He fears the youth of Telemachus may be too warm, and through an unseasonable ardour at the sight of his wrongs, betray him to his enemies: he therefore persuades him to patience and calmness; and predisposes his mind with rational considerations, to enable him to encounter his passions, and govern his resentment.

V. 304. *That instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death.]*

These ten lines occur in the beginning of the nineteenth book: and the ancients (as Eustathius informs us) were of opinion, that they are here placed improperly. For how, say they, should Ulysses know that the arms were in a lower apartment, when he was in the country, and had not yet seen his palace? But this is no real objection: his repository of arms he knew was in the lower apartment; and therefore it was rational to conclude that the arms were in it. The verses are proper in both places: here Ulysses prepares Telemachus against the time of the execution of his designs; in the nineteenth book that time is come, and therefore he repeats his instructions.

V. 316. *Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.]*

This seems to have been a proverbial expression. At least it has been so used by latter writers. The observation holds true to this day, and it is manifest, that more men fall by the sword in countries where the inhabitants daily wear swords, than in those where a sword is thought no part of dress or ornament. Dacier.

V. 334. *But re-consider]* The poet here describes Telemachus rectifying the judgment of Ulysses. Is this any disparagement to that hero? It is not; but an exact representation of human nature. For the wisest men may receive, in particular cases, instructions from men less wise: and the eye of the understanding in a young man may sometimes see further than that of age; that is, in the language of the poet, a wise and mature Ulysses may sometimes be instructed by a young and unexperienced Telemachus.

V. 343 *If thou hast spoke from Jove.]* The expression in the Greek is obscure: and it may be asked, to what refers *Διος τερας*? Dacier renders it, 'S'il est vrai que vous ayez eu un prodige;' or, 'if it be true that you have seen a prodigy.' Now there is no mention of any prodigy seen by Ulysses in all this interview; and this occasions the obscurity, but it is implied, for Ulysses directly promises the assistance of Jupiter; and how could he depend upon it, but by some prodigy from Jupiter? Eustathius thus understands the words: *Τερας εξ ε' ορμωμενος εφης αμυντορα τον Δια ημιν εσοσθαι.* And then the meaning will be, 'If the prodigy from Jupiter be evident, there is no occasion to concern ourselves about the household train.' But then does not that expression imply doubt, and a jealousy, that Ulysses might possibly depend too much upon supernatural assistance? It only insinuates, that he ought to be certain in the interpretation of the prodigy; but Telemachus refers himself intirely to Ulysses, and acquiesces in his judgment.

V. 345 *Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay.]* It is manifest that this vessel had spent the evening of the preceding day, the whole night, and part of the next morning, in sailing from the place where Telemachus embarked: for it is necessary to remember that Telemachus, to avoid the suitors, had been obliged to fetch a large compass, and land upon the northern coast of Ithaca; and consequently the vessel was necessitated to double the whole isle on the western side to reach the Ithacan bay. This is the reason that it arrives not till the day afterwards; and that the herald dispatched by the associates of Telemachus, and Eumæus from the country, meet upon the road, as they go to carry the news of the return of Telemachus to Penelope. It is likewise evident that the lodge of Eumæus was not far distant from the palace: for he sets out toward the city after eating in the morning; and passing some time in conference with Telemachus, delivers his message, and returns in the evening of the same day.

V. 355. *And cries aloud,—Thy son, O queen, returns.]* This particularity before us is of absolute necessity: the indiscretion of the herald in speaking aloud, discovers the return of Telemachus

to the suitors, and is the incident that brings about their following debates, and furnishes out the entertainment of the succeeding part of this book.

V. 391. *The Greeks averse too justly to our cause*] This verse is inserted with great judgment, and gives an air of probability to the whole relation: for if it is asked why the suitors defer to seize the supreme power, and to murder Telemachus, they being so superior in number, Antinous himself answers; that they fear the people, who favour the cause of Telemachus, and would revenge his injuries. It is for this reason that they formed the ambush by sea: and for this reason Antinous proposes to intercept him in his return from the country. They dare not offer open violence, and therefore make use of treachery. This speech of Antinous forms a short under-plot to the poem: it gives us pain (says Eustathius) for Telemachus, and holds us in suspense till the intricacy is unravelled by Amphinomus.

The whole harangue is admirable in Homer. The diction is excellently suited to the temper of Antinous, who speaks with precipitation: his mind is in agitation and disorder; and consequently his language is abrupt: and not allowing himself time to explain his thoughts at full length, he falls into ellipses and abbreviations. It is impossible to retain these ellipses in the translation:—but I have endeavoured to shew the warmth of the speaker, by putting the words into interrogations, which are always uttered with vehemence, and signs of hurry and precipitation.

V. 413. *And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.*] We are not to gather from this expression that Penelope had any particular tenderness for Amphinomus: but it means only that he was a person of some justice and moderation. At first view there seems no reason why the poet should distinguish Amphinomus from the rest of the suitors, by giving him this humane character; but in reality there is an absolute necessity for it. Telemachus is doomed to die by Antinous: here is an intricacy formed, and how is that hero to be preserved with probability? The poet ascribes a greater degree of tenderness and moderation to one of the suitors, and by this method preserves Telemachus.

Thus we see the least circumstance in Homer has its use and effect; the art of a good painter is visible in the smallest sketch, as well as in the largest draught.

V. 426. *Medon, conscious of their dire debates.*] After this verse Eustathius recites one that is omitted in most of the late editions as spurious, at least in proper:

Αυλης εκτος εαν, οι δ' ενδοθε μητιν υφαινον. V. 413.

That is, Medon was out of the court, whereas the suitors formed their council within it: the line is really to be suspected; for a little above, Homer directly tells us, that the suitors left the palace:

‘ Then issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly, sat.

It is likewise very evident that they stood in the open air: for they discover the ship returning from the ambush, and sailing into the bay. How then can it be said of the suitors, that they formed their assembly in the court, *οι δ' ενδοθε μητιν υφαινον*. Besides, continues Dacier, they left the palace, and placed themselves under the lofty wall of it:

Εκ δ' ηλθον μεγαροιο, παρεν μεγα τειχιον αυλης.

How then is it possible to see the ship entering the port, when this wall must necessarily obstruct the sight? the two versēs therefore evidently contradict themselves: and one of them must consequently be rejected. She would have the line read thus:

Αυλης εντος εαν, εκδοθε, &c.

But all the difficulty vanishes by taking *Αύλη*, at it is frequently used, to denote any place open to the air; and consequently not the court, but the court-yard. And this is the proper signification of the word. Then Medon may stand on the outside of the wall of the court-yard, *Αυλης εκτος*, and overhear the debates of the suitors who form their council within it, or *ενδοθε μητιν υφαινον*. And as for the wall intercepting the view of the suitors, this is merely conjecture: and it is more rational to imagine that the court-yard was open sea-ward, that so beautiful a prospect as the ocean might not be shut up from the palace of a king; or at

least the palace might stand upon such an eminence as to command the ocean.

V. 47. *From th' avenger's hand.*] This whole passage is thus understood by Eustathius. By *Ἀνέμων ὑποδδειςας* Homer means the Ithacans: and he likewise affirms that the people who demanded vengeance of Ulysses were also the Ithacans. It is not here translated in this sense: the construction rather requires it to be understood of the Thesprotians, who were allies of Ulysses, and by virtue of that alliance demanded Eupithes, the father of Antinous, out of the hands of Ulysses. But I submit to the reader's judgment.

V. 452. (*Eurymachus replied*)] This whole discourse of Eurymachus is to be understood by way of contrariety: there is an obvious and a latent interpretation. For instance when he says,

‘His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear;’

it obviously means the blood of the person who offers violence to Telemachus; but it may likewise mean the blood of Telemachus: and the construction admits both interpretations. Thus also when he says, that no person shall lay hands upon Telemachus, while he is alive;—he means that he will do it himself: and lastly, when he adds,

‘Then fear no mortal arm; if heav’n destroy

We must resign: for man is born to die.’

the apparent signification is, that Telemachus has occasion only to fear a natural death; but he means if the oracle of Jupiter commands them to destroy Telemachus, that then the suitors will take away his life. He alludes to the foregoing speech of Amphinomus:

‘Consult we first th’ all-seeing pow’rs above,

And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.

If they assent, e’en by this hand he dies;

If they forbid, I war not with the skies.’ EUSTATHIUS.

V. 490. *From th’ Hermæan height*] It would be superfluous to translate all the various interpretations of this passage.

It will be sufficiently intelligible to the reader, if he looks upon it only to imply that there was an hill in Ithaca called the Hermaean hill, either because there was a temple, statue, or altar of Mercury upon it; and so called from that deity.

It has been written that Mercury being the messenger of the gods, in his frequent journeys along the roads, and when he found any stones he threw them in an heap out of the way, and these heaps were called *ἑρμαῖαι*, or Mercuries. The circumstance of his clearing the roads is somewhat odd; but why might not Mercury as well as Trivia preside over them, and have his images erected in public ways, because he was supposed to frequent them as the messenger of the gods?

This book takes up no more time than the space of the thirty-eighth day: for Telemachus reaches the lodge of Eumæus in the morning a little after he dispatches Eumæus to Penelope; who returns in the evening of the same day. The book in general is very beautiful in the original. The discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus is particularly tender and affecting: it has some resemblance with that of Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren, and it may not perhaps be disagreeable to see how two such authors describe the same passion:

‘I am Joseph, I am your brother Joseph.’

‘I am Ulysses, I, my son! am he!’

‘And he wept aloud, and fell on his brother's neck, and wept.’

Gen. xlv.

~~He wept~~ *He wept* aloud, and he wept aloud.’

END OF VOL. IV.

